TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Perhaps the funniest thing in our city annals is the history of the Street Car Committee of Enquiry, otherwise known as the Toronto Summer Jaunt and Corkscrew Brigade. Chairman Vokes protested that he was unwilling to go, in fact nothing but his love for the city and devotion to its interests could tear him away from his August trade. Mayor Clarke was also a kicking sacrifice, and Ald. Boustead would obey orders under protest only. When the Council granted twelve hundred dollars to these struggling patriots poor Vokes was almost in tears as he thought of separation from hardware and home, but when the next legal day began he was discovered at the door of the treasurer's office waiting to seize a check for the twelve hundred dollars appropriated to the festive trip. A week had passed away, and the civic solons had not yet gone abroad to find with what little wisdom the world is governed, still Ald. Vokes had the boodle and was prepared to do and die as soon as his pards could get ready to start. Vokes is truly a cautious man! He knew that the city is down on the trip and he took no chances of having the vote rescinded. He collared the cheque at dawn and held it either in his bank or pocket! A nice place for twelve hundred city dollars to be for a week! Meanwhile Ald. Boustead guyed his colleagues to such an extent by proposing a trip to Europe, etc., that he is in disgrace and proposes to stop at home rather than be *de trop* in a municipal junketting of this sort. All it now needs is for Vokes—who becoming alarmed at the tumult has returned the money—and the Mayor to start or else declare they never had the slightest intention of going. One would be quite as consistent and funny as the other under the circumstances.

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The consulting engineers in Albany and New York City have just reported to the Esplanade Committee of the City Council, regarding the comparative value to the city and the C. P. R. of the tracts of land respectively between Yonge and Simcoe street, including Lake street, 29 acres, and between York and John street, 32 acres. The reports prove, as John Galt, C. E. of the citizens' committee always contended, that to the railway for traffic purposes one is as good as the other, while the tract between Yonge and Simcoe if used for a freight yard would be a great detriment to the city as a whole, and to citizens as individuals, a menace and annoyance. Of course everybody knew this before experts reported upon it. Anyone going down and standing upon the made land near Yonge street and looking westward could see, with one eye shut, that no sensible council would think for a moment of permitting the C.P.R. to seize for speculative purposes twenty-two and one-half acres in the heart of the city. The whole thing was so self-evident that to invite experts to report upon it was as foolish as to ask the scientists in the probabilities office if the sun is larger than the moon. A greater knowledge of science is really needed in the latter than in the former case. It beats me to see how eager our councilmen are to get expert opinions. If we accept their own expert opinion of themselves, they are fools. This is harsh, but if they know anything why do they hire expert engineers and crack lawyers to tell them what every driver of a dray already knows? In the last provincial election when the government supporters were attacked for pandering to the hierarchy they all crept under the B. N. A. Act and found welcome and needed shelter beneath its legal darkness. Our civic representatives—including the mayor I am sorry to say—are just as anxious for a friendly barn under which they can creep when an opinion or an excuse is needed.

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After all the trouble the Mowat Government took to divide the Toronto registrarship in order that Mr. Ryan might enter into his reward, they must find it disheartening when the athletic Peter pounds his satellites and gets his name so prominently mentioned in the newspapers. Moreover, the public are startled to find how much the Ryans, the Muldoons, the Cahills, and the Fogartys had to do with the recent provincial campaign in this city. Mr. Mowat evidently knew what he was about when he made Mr. Ryan assistant registrar and returning officer. The public also are beginning to get an insight into the further qualification of the oratorical Peter. As Mr. Muldoon denounces Mr. Ryan and is denounced by Mr. Cahill and repudiated by Mr. Fogarty, the only fortunate feature seems to be that we are likely to learn who are the "handy men" so useful to the Reformers at election times.

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I feel sorry for the unfortunate and unwise mother recently arrested by the police for chaining her seven-year-old boy to a staple in the woodshed wall. The thought of a boy restrained by chains from running at large and falling into the evil habits which have got his elder brother into the Industrial school, is revolting enough to cause a hasty judgment that the woman must be cruel and unmotherly, yet the circumstances as brought out by the police investigation prove that he was not otherwise ill used, and that the mother, who had to go out washing, was unable to think of any better method of keeping her son from becoming a jail bird. The little girl, who behaves herself, was found watching the house in her mother's absence and ready to attend to the wants of the prisoner, showing that the mother appreciated good conduct and knew whom to trust. There is an element of absurdity in the whole thing which but covers a pathetic under strata of motherly affection, ignorance and determination. There are many mothers and still more numerous fathers who differ very little from Mrs. Romily in their methods. If one of their children shows evil tendencies their thought is to apply the rod and every conceivable restraint. Many errors quite as flagrant as the chaining up of the boy, are made by parents who have not nearly as good an excuse to offer as that made by the poor washerwoman. Parents often permit their young children too much liberty until there are signs of the legitimate results of running wild, when they at once fly to the other extreme, either locking them indoors or keeping them under such perpetual surveillance that they are practically prisoners. Such children, when a chance occurs, are bound to abuse the opportunities offered by freedom from restraint and the parents, imagining that they have done everything, are convinced that the child is incorrigible. Long before a child is seven years old, indeed there have been writers who have said that before a child is seven months old, the habit of obedience can be and should be instilled. It may seem absurd to those who have not tried it to say that a child can be taught to be obedient while it is yet in the cradle; indeed, to many the suggestion savors of brutality, as they cannot imagine education at such an early age to be separated from beatings and cruelty. Such is not the case. The longer the training of a child is deferred after its first moment of intelligence and appreciation the more cruelty and coercion will be required. No one will deny that a child at three or four months has more intelligence than is ever possessed by a bird, a dog or a horse, though these are the most intelligent of the brute creation. There is not one person in ten who cannot teach any of the animals named some little trick, indeed the very association of a human being with an intelligent animal has a strongly marked influence. There is probably one person in ten who can very quickly teach an animal instant obedience, and that too without using cruelty; yet not one in a hundred possesses patience enough to do it. It requires a knowledge of what is needed, a firm determination to accomplish it, and an intelligible method, a method in which cause and effect follow so quickly and obviously that it does not even require reason to observe it. If this can be done with animals, and I admit that the illustration, though pointed, is not altogether pretty, even greater results can be accomplished with infants. That such results are not brought about is owing to the fondness of parents who dote on a youngster one moment and are petulant with it the next, forgetful that they are forming its character more rapidly in those infantile months than they will ever be able to again in the same length of time. Everyone knows a spoiled child. The parents of a precocious and contumacious youngster soon become aware of the fact, but they find it exceedingly difficult to remedy the mistakes made when its pertness and obstinacy were laughed at and considered remarkably smart. After children become spoiled and disagreeable, parents are too apt to resort to the rod or to a mental and physical chaining up, utterly destructive of the child's self-respect. It seems to me that no child should be whipped or have any indignity inflicted upon it after it is old enough to remember, lest the one who inflicts such punishment leaves in the mind of his or her offspring the taint, either definite or indefinite, of a feeling of rebellious hatred. If, by a system of dignified and reposeful firmness, obedience and respect are taught the little child there will be no slappings or whippings of the youngster who feels that its personal dignity is outraged by such punishment. It takes a great deal of common sense and firmness to bring about such a result, but those who really love their children and are thoughtful of the morrow will choose this rather than the coaxings and threatenings, beatings and bangings, the failures and heartaches which are so apt to follow a weak and inconsistent policy when your children are judging your character, as they always do, while you imagine you are forming theirs.

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It seems to me we are getting altogether too much Privy Council and Railway Committee government here in Toronto. We Canadians believe in home rule and local control of our own affairs, but it has got to such a point that on the Esplanade, along the Don, and indeed in every direction where we desire to improve our facilities and to protect life we have nothing to say, the Railway Committee at Ottawa stepping in as umpire and almost invariably deciding against us and in favor of the railways. If our representatives in the House of Commons had any gimp in them they would make this feature of the Dominion Government's policy mighty hard to maintain. We certainly do not want Toronto's municipal affairs managed at Ottawa. Badly as we manage them at home we can do better than Mowat can in the Legislature or Sir John in the Commons.

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Last week I took a little trip down the lake and back again on the Richelieu Navigation Company's steamers. Some time ago I had occasion to speak disparagingly of the management of these boats. I am glad to say it is somewhat improved, though it is by no means yet what it should be. Since Mr. Barlow Cumberland has been appointed the agent and one can secure berths and accommodation at an uptown office it is much more pleasant, but the steamers themselves are too small for night boats. During the busy season they are crowded, and much discomfort results to those who have not secured their berths beforehand, and as a majority of American travelers must come under this heading they get a very poor idea of our lake steamers. For several years past it has been noticed that the number of American tourists visiting Toronto is annually decreasing. Is it any wonder? Our hotels are but little better than they were twenty years ago. Our lake steamers, excepting the Cibola, are identical with those which ran when we can first remember. Large and elegantly appointed steamers run up and down the Detroit river, on the upper lakes the C.P.R. have magnificent boats, while between Toronto and Montreal, where the biggest inland lake trade possible could be done, there is afforded no better facilities than our grandfathers enjoyed. The captains of the steamers on which I was a passenger were as courteous gentlemen as one could desire to meet, and though I cannot say as much of the minor officers of the steamer Transport yet I believe every effort is made by the company to treat their passengers well. This is but a small portion of what they must do if a large trade is to be built up. In conversation with two score or more gentlemen on the steamers and in Kingston the view was unanimously expressed that if large night boats ran between Toronto and Prescott in competition with the railway instead of being the donkey engine of the Grand Trunk, they would be crowded with business travelers and excursionists. Three boats could afford a daily service running at fifteen or sixteen miles an hour and they would greatly shorten the trip and render it more attractive. Passengers could be transferred from the large night boats to the present small ones at Prescott and taken down the rapids as at present. As meals or berths would not be required on the small boats they would be large enough to accommodate the crowd. Those who have seen the enormous and palatial steamers on Long Island Sound carrying thousands of passengers every night between Fall River, Providence and New York, can estimate the magnificent trade which could be built up by a proper summer service on Lake Ontario. Many of the large steamers plying between New York, Boston and summer watering places are engaged in the West Indies service carrying passengers to winter watering places during the months a northern trade is impossible. This could be done with our summer boats. A company with a capital of a million dollars could build up a traffic on Lake Ontario with large profits in it, and at the same time do an inestimable favor to Toronto and Ontario ports.

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While visiting the penitentiary at Kingston recently I was impressed by the magnitude of the workshops and the poverty of the results achieved therein. To be condemned to hard labor at Kingston means nothing more than to have sufficient employment to fill the main waking hours. There is nothing so accentuates the pleasant sensation of rest as to have some work which one is neglecting and can afford to neglect. This is exactly the amount of work imposed on the convicts at Kingston. In the Central Prison here the tasks are much more severe and there is no vagabond who would not rather put in three years at Kingston than two at Toronto. At this late date our patchwork penitentiary at Kingston is adopting an experimental wing where solitary confinement and labor are to be imposed upon prisoners. If any benefit is to accrue to the prisoner from confinement it will not be in seating him on a stone pile to enable him to idly toy with a hammer while he is being filled with cussedness by his neighbor, whose recitals of adventure and crime and filthy experiences inflame a mind already diseased by unwholesome companionship. The Prison Reform Commission will no doubt hear many startling things and reveal to the attending public facts which have been jogging through the human mind for the last two or three hundred years. But I would like to call their attention to the theory which has always been urged by those who believe that the comfort of the convict is less important than his reformation, and the greatest good to the state more than his labor. At Dartmore, Chatham, Portland or Portsmouth there are thousands of convicts who labor on fortifications, breakwaters, dockyard extensions, and other public works, and their toil begins at daylight and ends at dark. In England public works have been in progress for so many centuries that new ones are not such matters of necessity as in Canada. Labor there is so cheap, where millions of artisans are exposed to the competition of the world, that skilled prison labor does not interfere with the pay of the honest workman as it does here. Then why should we not utilize our convict labor upon public works? Just now there are several important propositions for the general good of the Dominion—one is the Huron and Ontario Ship Railway, another is the enlargement of the St. Lawrence Canals, and in both of these convicts might be employed. If the Huron and Ontario Railway was begun prisoners could be confined in convict ships which might be moved up as the road is completed, chain gangs excluded from public observation might be employed; stone yards could be created in many places where the convicts could dress the material necessary for canals. In Kingston I noticed that no other work is done so well as stone cutting. By a proper attention to their capabilities convicts could do as much work as free men and a portion of their earnings be set apart for their families, while the result of their labors would be for the good of the whole country. Of course it would take a great many years to build the Huron and Ontario canal or railway, but such portions of it might be attended to by contract and free labor as were not practicable

MIDSUMMER.

under the other system. The enlargement also of the canals we have, as I have frequently urged, could be easily done by convict labor.

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The Ontario Government, as one may easily learn by observing the tenor of the questions asked by its commissioners, are desirous of having placed in their hands the entire jail and prison system of the province. At present the counties look after the jails. Mr. Mowat, with that centralizing tendency which has been so marked during his administration, is anxious to make the change. It is evident also that he purposes to have a number of prisons like the Central at Toronto, and as this is the intention of the commission we may readily anticipate their report. This being the case, why should not the commissioners attend to the idea of great public works, with stone cutting, quarrying, excavating and removing earth, the building of banks and canals as the main employment of all convicts. It would not disturb the labor market; it would be doing something for the provincial good, which will remain undone unless it is performed by the state. Outdoor labor for convicts is much more wholesome than prison employments. If a man escapes he will either leave the country or be recaptured. It is really unimportant which happens. The Province of Ontario has more to gain by the utilizing of prison labor in the building of canals than any other province in Canada. We have a greater population, and this is the centre to which the convicts of other provinces are directed. If a large public work can be undertaken here the jealousy of other provinces cannot interfere with it until completed. Why not, for instance, build a canal partially as a provincial work from Toronto connecting with Georgian Bay? Our prisons will need enlarging and petty offenders might be confined in the present Central Prison, at stone cutting while all those deserving longer sentences might be given solitary confinement on a convict canal boat during the night and be employed in a chain gang during the day. This would relieve the jails and prisons, and work would be done which must help the province. The present jails would be sufficient to accommodate on reformed and sanitary principles all the lunatics, children and women and offenders awaiting trial. Those addicted to vices and known as chronic offenders against the law would be given longer and more appropriate sentences by judges if they knew they were to be given open-air and self-respecting employment and the salutary effect of such sentences would be felt. At present it is nothing dreadful for a man who has lost his self-respect to go to jail for a few months, because there he is supported in a manner affluent compared to his degraded habits.

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Ontario has much to gain by inaugurating this system of work. To Toronto this is without doubt the most important question which can be agitated and I wonder that it does not engage the attention of its representatives. The maritime provinces would find employment for their shipping and would be knit closer to us as these canals are built. The ships of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island would anchor at our wharves and load the product of our farms and bring us the coal from their mines if this policy were pursued. Our interests are now divergent; they would then become so united that it has always puzzled me to know why the Dominion has not encouraged such a policy. We have spent hundreds of millions in railroads and I do not urge that they have been millions spent in vain, but if we wish to unite the provinces and to make the interests of Manitoba, Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia common, the shipping of the maritime provinces must come closer to our doors. Now when prison reform, provincial interests and the necessity for ship canals are all being discussed together let the prison commissioners consider this matter, and I have no doubt that both the Dominion and Provincial Governments will be urged to employ convict labor as it is employed in England, on the construction of such works as I have outlined.

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The conduct of the Police Magistrate of Toronto has not been such as a democratic city expects, and has a right to demand from a paid servant. He has assumed in many instances a loftier tone than can be justified by his warmest friends, but the fact remains that his merits are being overlooked in the present controversy between the civic committee of enquiry and himself. We can not expect a perfect magistrate, and while the Ontario Government appoints the official and the people have to pay him, it is not surprising that the police judge is independent to the verge of sauciness. I am not scrupulous in expressing my contempt for the manner in which the Ontario Government has centralized power and obtained possession of every local center of influence, nor can I be charged with holding up Colonel George Taylor Denison as a model statesman or official, but the truth will always bear telling and in this instance it is time it were told.

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In the first place the City Council did not appoint Col. Denison and it cannot dismiss him. It is well that it is so or the aldermen would have altogether too much influence in the police court. Such, indeed, would be their "pull" that an influential offender would have license to do as he pleased. To have a police magistrate beholden to aldermen for his office would be a thousand times worse than electing him by popular vote. In the latter case he would rely upon the people, and no matter who may doubt or controvert it the people of this continent are exceedingly sensitive regarding the administration of justice. We sneer at our Yankee neighbors, but a judge can ever be elected in the United States solely on party grounds, and I can bear witness to having repeatedly seen Democratic judges elected in a circuit where the Republican majority was fifteen or twenty thousand. We are too apt to turn up our nose at elective judges; as a matter of fact, history and statistics, they deal out even handed justice and cannot be re-elected unless they do so. They are open to bribery, so are appointees, yet in neither this country nor the United States, thank God, is the high and responsible office of judge disgraced by frequent instances of venal conduct. It is only organized bodies that can influence men in high places, criminals and even individuals of influence cannot do it. If aldermen are able to coerce a magistrate, the worst possible results would follow. Aldermen have all the dependence upon popular vote which is said to weaken elective judges; they are not restrained by the same impulses, nor spurred to noble conduct by such supreme responsibilities. But they are organized, and their power to compel is enormous. To permit them to "boss" a police magistrate would be to make the administration of justice a farce.

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If aldermen could even fix the salary of a police judge, it would be a dangerous incentive to bribery on one side and weakness on the other. Mowat has fixed it so that there is a minimum sum to be paid. This may be increased, but once having been fixed it cannot be diminished. Col. Denison is thus safe from having his stipend cut down by an alderman who has been refused a favor. Of course this involves the inability of the city council to reduce his salary for impertinence and neglect of duty, but it is a phase of our government which cannot be well avoided.

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Now, then, as to the honesty and ability of Magistrate Denison. Nobody who understands the management of his court doubts either one or the other. Col. Denison's worst enemy cannot put his finger on a suspicious act. The rarity of his judicial mistakes is phenomenal. It must be remembered too that there is no appeal from his decisions if alleged criminals elect to be tried summarily by him, and it is therefore most important that a magistrate of the sharpest penetration, clearest mind, and most undoubted integrity be upon the bench. Still further, a man whose decision is final because of the law, the poverty of the litigant, or the undesirability of making much of an apparently trivial offence, should be upon the police magistrate's bench. If we do not possess such a man in Col. Denison every possible influence should be brought to bear on the Attorney General for his dismissal, and the appointment of a properly qualified person. It will be admitted, I think, that Col. Denison is all that we can expect in a police magistrate, and if it were put to a vote in this city he would be elected because of his righteous administration of his office.

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Then it is said that he is paid too much. I do not think so. He is an expert. No magistrate in America does more work than he does, nor do those who do less do it better. His salary is not outrageous—an expert accountant, engineer, electrician, would not bind himself for life at four thousand per annum. There is not an eminent doctor, preacher or lawyer in the city who gets less, the great majority get more, and it is admitted that our judges, considering the talents required, the arduous toil imposed and the terrible responsibilities consequent upon decisions are paid far too little. Of all men judges should be the most reliable experts in their profession; expert ability is always in demand and consequently expensive. Magistrate Denison is so expert that he does in a couple or three hours per day what consumes the time of two judges in Montreal and many other places. Men whose minds work so quickly, organizations capable of the mental alertness which characterizes Col. Denison's attitude on the bench cannot be employed like men who work in a drain or do routine labor. Two or three hours daily of weighing with startling rapidity the reputation, future prospects and liberty of scores of prisoners is strain enough for the strongest mind. Judges in the superior courts listen to long and elaborate arguments and can almost go to sleep over their cases, but it is not so in the Police Court, where the judge is almost the whole affair and jury can be loaded up with the responsibility or a higher court be burdened with an appeal. The work done is well worth the money paid and Col. Denison is worthy of considerate treatment. He deserves holidays as well as other judges and if the machinery does not permit it, it should be changed so that in the magistrate's absence the work may go on without undue and unreasonable expense to the city. Without defending his personal argument or his haughty attitude I think it is worth while to show that he is not without a strong defence and that, like Hanlan, he may not work ten hours a day, but when he does work he strains every nerve and should not be classed with those who can endure ten hours daily of their work better than Col. Denison can stand three hours of supremely nervous tension.

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Social and Personal.

On Monday morning last Yonge street Methodist church contained an expectant company who had gathered to witness the marriage of Miss Annie Laidlaw, daughter of the late George Laidlaw, to Mr. Alexander A. Macdonald, son of the late senator. The ceremony was performed at 8.30 by the pastor, Rev. J. V. Smith. The bride wore a traveling gown of slate blue cloth with trimmings of velvet and a French crepe turban trimmed with a *fourniure* of marguerites and ferns. The bridesmaids—Miss Dewar of Hamilton and Miss Kathleen Lewis of London—were gowned in white Henrietta with silver braid decorations, and white hats with marguerite trimmings. The groomsman was Mr. Lawrence Boyd. At the close of the ceremony Mrs. Milligan presented the bride with a bouquet of Marechal Neil roses, while a basket of the same flowers was tendered Mr. Macdonald from his Sabbath school class. The young couple drove directly to the railway station from the church, beginning their tour, which is a trip through Europe, and is to last four years.

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Among those present at the ceremony I noticed Mr. George Laidlaw, the bride's brother, by whom she was given away; Mrs. Macdonald, the Misses Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, the Misses Laidlaw, Mr. J. Kidston Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis of London, Rev. G. M. and Mrs. Milligan, Miss Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. Brough, Miss Hodgins and the Misses Gunther.

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The exodus from town this season seems more general than ever before, judging from the small attendance of society people at the Flower Show on Wednesday evening. The attendance on the whole was not large, although the source of attraction was fully up, if not superior, to the displays of former years. The Pavilion is rarely seen to better advantage than at the annual exhibition of the Toronto Electoral District Society. When the harsh outlines of its pillars and posts are relieved by tall palms, one of the most graceful and decorative of all plants, soft and picturesque ferns, rare foliage plants, and hundreds of more familiar blossoms, and when these are surrounded by groups of interested chatting spectators in light summer costumes, the *ensemble* forms a brighter and more animated picture than is usually seen at the many brilliant gatherings which assemble there during the social season. The display of floral and foliage treasures from the different gardens and greenhouses of the city and vicinity was remarkably fine and most interesting to botanists and connoisseurs of the fine points of this department of the vegetable kingdom. A great source of attraction was the fine display of cut flowers, which by their beautifully artistic arrangement seemed to draw and keep the lingering eyes of many of the fair visitors who composed the majority of those present. A number of beautiful specimens were shown from the conservatories of Sir David Macpherson. One of the most interesting exhibits to the general observer, had it been in a place where the light was better, was the collection of pressed wild flowers and plants collected by some pupils of the Toronto Collegiate Institute and Miss Lucy Jones of Ryerson school. This collection of wild plants is a new feature of this exhibition, and is one which is deserving of the greatest encouragement, as the prevailing ignorance of our indigenous plants is much greater than it should be. The display of orchids was very fine, and many other rare plants were shown, which I have not space to enumerate separately. The band of the Grenadiers played an excellent programme during the evening. The officers of the society for the present year are: President, Mr. George Vair; 1st Vice-President, Mr. P. G. Close; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. Bernard Saunders; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. J. P. Edwards; Directors, Mr. William Christie, Mr. John J. Withrow, Dr. Andrew Smith, Lieut. Colonel Gray, Capt. W. F. McMaster, Mr. James Crocker, Mr. Robert Davies, Mr. Donald C. Ridout and Mr. Walter S. Lee. The Horticultural Committee is made up of Messrs. John Chambers, John H. Dunlop, A. Gilchrist, Thomas Manton, A. H. Ewing and W. H. Houston.

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The Misses Laidlaw, who came to town for their sister's wedding, are at the Queen's.

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Mrs. Milligan and family left on Thursday last for Port Cockburn, Muskoka.

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Mrs. C. J. H. Winstanley is spending a few weeks at the Hotel Dal-Monte, Preston.

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Mrs. Law and Mrs. Crawford are guests at the Hotel Dal-Monte, Preston.

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Mr. W. H. Hicks of the Inland Revenue Department here, has been promoted to the Sub-Collectorship at Sarnia. Mr. H. left for his new home on Saturday morning last.

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Dr. John Webster has been appointed assistant medical superintendent to the Kingston Insane Asylum.

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Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cooper of Parkdale, left on Friday for Orchard Beach and other points on the Atlantic coast.

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Mrs. R. T. Brown and Master Bert Brown, College street, are summering at Lorne Park.

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Mrs. Bendelari of Wellesley place is spending the summer with her family at Ocean House, Cape Elizabeth, Maine.

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The closing concert of the Liberati band last Thursday was better attended than the previous ones, and I have no doubt that if they return to Toronto during the concert season they will be sure of crowded houses. Among those present I noticed were Mr. and Miss Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Meritt, Mr. Mervyn Mackenzie, Miss Milligan, Mr. W. Milligan, Miss Laidlaw, Mr. Mulock, the Misses Meredith, Mrs. Greene, Miss Greene, Mr. Herbert Greene, Mr. Burritt.

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The marriage of Mr. Percy Rutherford to Miss Edith McFarlane of St. George street takes place early in August.

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The following guests have arrived at the Penetanguishene this week: The Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweatman, Mr. G. L. Beardmore, Mrs. F. H. Thompson, Mr. J. H. Mayne Campbell, Mr. Justice Falconbridge, Rev. D. Langtry, Mrs. Vernon Wadsworth and the Misses Wadsworth of Toronto, Mrs. J. M. Whitlaw of Paris, Mrs. Carruthers of Midland, and Mrs P. F. Haigh of Chicago, Mrs. Scott, Miss Scott and Miss Dora Scott of Port Hope, Mrs. J. D. Burns and two sons, Mrs. L. Pierce, and Mrs. John Donegre of New Orleans, La.

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There was a very pleasant party assembled at Lorne Park on Saturday evening to enjoy the hop at the hotel there. These Saturday evening hops are one of the features of this delightful summer resort this season, and judging from the bright and happy faces of those assembled, they are evidently highly appreciated. Among those enjoying themselves last Saturday evening we noticed a gay party from Toronto who went up by the steam yacht Viola. They were: Capt. J. T. and the Misses Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. E. Fletcher, Miss Littlejohn, Miss Barley, Miss Bugg, Miss Beasley, Messrs. D. Roberts, E. Littlejohn, E. Badenach, James Garvin, J. Fitzsimmons, R. Christie, G. H. and C. H. Baird, George Bunting, John Carrick, W. Donaldson, T. Horrocks, D. Black, A. Dixon, F. Taggart, A. E. Matthews and S. Downey. There were also present Mr. and Mrs. Riches, Miss Bessie Hatch and Miss Mutton from Long Branch, and Mr. and Mrs. Sloan, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, James Hewlett, J. W. Stockwell, J. W. and Miss Kerr, R. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Prince, Mrs. Kennedy, Miss Sparrow, Mr. and the Misses Jacobi, Mrs. Earls, Mrs. Brennan, Miss Roper, Miss McQuaig, Miss Riordan, Miss Houghton, A. C. McConnell, Mr. Evans, J. A. Jackes and others. The party broke up at eleven o'clock, highly delighted with the evening's enjoyment.

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Another enjoyable summer event was the concert given on Tuesday evening at the Lorne Park Music Hall. Music in the sylvan glades of the forest, under the faint light of the sickle moon, is very charming under any circumstances, but when performed with enthusiasm as was this programme, an additional charm is lent. Miss Katie Ryan, Miss Emma Jacobi, Mr. B. Ryan, Mr. Emil Jacobi and Mr. Paul Hahn made the aisles of the Lorne Park forest ring with the echo of their sweet music.

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Mrs. Todd and family are spending the summer at their home on the Island.

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Mrs. James L. Smith and family left last Monday to spend the summer at their cottage in Muskoka.

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Miss Maggie Dill of Bathurst street and Miss Clara Vance of Queen street east left Thursday for Mackinac and Sault Ste Marie, where they will visit friends for a few weeks.

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Mrs. R. P. Starrett of McDonell avenue left Thursday to join her husband at Chicago, where they will take up house.

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Mr. P. N. Morton of the Rossin House has returned from a visit to J. A. Taylor's cottage at Jackson's Point.

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Miss Blossom Kingsmill has returned home after an extended trip in the west.

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J. F. White, inspector of separate schools, has sailed for England. He will journey through the British Isles and also visit France.

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Mrs. Savigny is summering at the Lake Shore House, Sandbanks, West Point, P. E.

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Misses Sadie Doran and Codey, of Dundas are visiting friends in town.

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Miss Trottie Gibson and Miss Mollie Wells, who have been spending a few weeks with Mrs. Hurst of Seaton street, returned home to Cleveland yesterday.

*

Mrs. Hurst of Seaton street is visiting friends at Cleveland.

*

I can scarcely believe that prevalent opinion in this country is as much opposed to that popular form of summer social life, known as the garden party, as our English cousins are. Regarding it *Modern Society* speaks thus: "One of the most ingenious forms of torture invented by the Goddess of Fashion to plague her worshippers is known as a garden party. Yet, this is what certain London hostesses insist on inflicting every year on their friends. Sometimes, of course, fine weather by some miracle prevails, when the functions in question are less terrible; at other times the heavens open, the rain descends, and the guests are washed out of the garden into the drawing-room, when the garden party abruptly changes its character and becomes a mere At Home."

*

The following guests are at the Iroquois House, St. Hilaire, P.Q.: Mr. F. W. Avery and family, Miss Lottie A. Peck, Hon. J. A. and Mrs. Chapleau of Ottawa, Mr. Hugh Skinner of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Peden, Mr. W. E. Price, Mr. Thomas Heain, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Scott and the Misses Scott, Miss Wyld, Mrs. Rohr, Mr. H. H. Henshaw, Mr. C. T. Haet, Dr. Lorne Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Drinkwater, Mr. E. Meredith of Montreal.

The "Gabble" Preferred.

Says *Modern Society:* "This is a serious, angular old world. Men are sick and tired of a wrewdness, logic, argument and brains. They want to be amused, distracted, diverted. Good sense is tedious after the market closes, and the woman who talks profit and loss, supply and demand, premium and discount, in evening dress, in the moonlight or at a dinner party, is a nightmare in petticoats to be eluded at the first turn in the hall. Change is rest, and while we hate giggling, we love gabble. This is where the coquetry of women wins. Says the New York *World*:

"There is a woman in New York who keeps a big boarding-school for the education of coquettes, and instead of walking on rose leaves she treads on golden eagles. Seats at her performances are secured two years in advance, and to make the application you pay a handsome deposit. There are no graded courses of study, no exhaustive examinations, no tedious memory lessons, and no incessant eternal and intolerable smashing of piano-keys. Her coquetry is fostered, and no secret is made about it, either. Square shoulders are rounded into De Milo grace; flat soles are raised by judicious foot coverings; high foreheads sheltered by kiss curls; harsh voices lowered a whole tone; angular elbows turned in, stiff joints loosened, and every symptom of a strong mind rigidly suppressed. The pupil is sweetened, softened, and curved. She is carefully instructed to know nothing and to do nothing that will rob a grace or mar a smile.

"'And does she pay? Doesn't she. Drop her in the village lane or quiet promenade of her native city, and see if she is not gobbled up by the most promising young lawyer or most prominent bachelor in the town.'"

Never Saw it at Rest.

"What a lovely face Mrs. Augur has in repose—perfectly beautiful! Don't you think so?" said an enthusiastic young man to a grave old gentleman, who replied:

"I can't say; I never saw her face in repose."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the young man. "Then you are not intimately acquainted with the lady?"

"N-no; I'm her husband," said the grave old gentleman.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Journalistic Luck.

Country editor (out West)—This has been a lucky day for me.

Faithful wife—Has some one been in to pay a subscription?

Editor—Well, no, it wasn't as lucky as that; but I was shot at and missed.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A STRONG TEAM.

Mr. Edward Beeton, the well-known watch specialist, finding that his repair business was fast outgrowing his best efforts, has taken into partnership Mr. Henry Playtner, one of the most skilful watchmakers in the city. The new firm will carry on business at Mr. Beeton's old stand in Leader Lane, and we have no doubt they will make a big success of it.—*Editorial in the "Trader."*

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MISS M. MORRISON
41 KING STREET WEST

Is now showing a new and choice assortment of

Russian Nets, Frillings, Laces Veilings, etc.

Special reductions will now be made in Trimmed Millinery for the balance of the season.

Dressmaking Department under first-class management.

PROF. DAVIS

Has completed arrangements for the purchase of the premises, 102 William avenue, corner of Mutual street. During the next few weeks carpenters, bricklayers, plasterers, painters, glaziers, plumbers and gasfitters, &c., will be busy building his

New Dancing Academy

Which will be complete in every detail. Classes will assemble in it early in September, due notice of which will be given.

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CIGARETTES
The Finest Turkish Cigarettes
IN THE MARKET.
TRY THEM

Boudoir Gossip.

"Laughter is the sun, which drives winter from the human face."—Hugo.

However much one may despise the girl with the ever abiding simper, or look frowningly at the giggle-monger, it is yet a patent fact that the girl who laughs is going to be a blessing instead of a mourful nuisance.

There are so many instances where smiles are better than medicine or a sound thrashing. To smile may not at first seem the best thing to do—rather concessive, but pleasantry usually wins, and smiles are so very cheap.

Speaking of pleasant looks, though, I wonder if it ever happened that some one in other people's immediate neighborhood undertook to smile an angel's blessing with a temper of the non-angelic description on the point of effervescing. It is a mixture, a curious one, but it is never a combination. The expressions do not unite. They quarrel in tones so loud as to attract general attention, and I always think of wolves with fangs when I see teeth exposed by a simulated smile.

The prettiest smiles I can think of, are the expressions of gladness which light the faces of little children. When one smiles into the upturned countenances there comes nearly always an answering look of pleasure, and I think the dearest examples of smiles are those which come to their pure little faces. They truly do "drive winter from the face," and our hearts are better for seeing the sunshine which is reflected from their souls upon their faces.

•

Louise Marksheffel writes in the Toledo *Journal* regarding furs in the following chatty way: "A sweet young lady recently wore a sealskin cape on the boat in the evening over her cambric dress, and some of us marveled at it, though if we had been up in the fashions for the season, we would have known that furs are to be worn all summer! Yes they are, don't you contradict me. The ladies in Chicago, and then east too, at the sea shore, are actually wearing the heretofore winter wraps like the English women have worn for years past, and so of course we must needs copy. The summer fur cape should have no lining between the silk and the fur, and the entire wrap must be flexible as can be. So things are thus reversed, and we will probably be wearing mull dresses next December draped over bear skin petticoats. Well, what if we do!"

The summer furs are an innovation which we may gladly receive for much-abused comfort's sake, but the trimming of gauze gowns with fur seems an eccentric departure from what is generally accepted as common-sense. Regarding the latter style I would call attention to the following taken from a New York paper: "One of the incongruities of fashion is a lace or silk gauze dress with a high collarette of seal, sable or monkey fur tightly buttoned about the neck."

•

We often hear of women's prerogatives. The list varies, I believe, but, as a rule, the right to change her mind is present in each summing up.

It is a matter of much speculation, since women are mentioned as monopolists in this convenient characteristic, as to where men get their often-possessed ability to say one thing and do another, or promise both and perform neither.

I think that Eve must have shared her prerogative with Adam, and all his sons have inherited the gift.

•

How one likes a decided man. We may quarrel with the views of the minister who says, "I believe" at the opening of his paragraphs, but one cannot fail to respect the man. The "do you think," and "perhaps" of the weak-willed may be charming in some cases, and can be imitated by the determined for discipline's sake, but the man who preaches, teaches, or leads must be sure enough to say "I believe" before his arguments, else his hearers may doubt even his good intention.

•

A color-card brought out by a prominent French firm contains sixty-six shades. The heliotrope ones lead and are followed by the blues, which run in ten shades from marine to ciel. Bluet, a strong but light tint is the newest shade. Greens and reds are less in favor for the winter coming than they have been this season. Dattir is a peculiar shade sharing the characteristics of olive and sulphur yellow. Of the grays, silver, nickel and platinum are the favorites.

According to this, what a reign of royal purple will tire our eyes next season. Young girls will don quiet, unbecoming shades, and unwise matrons will grow redder, fatter and more greasy from nearness to strong lavender and delicate heliotrope. Purple is hard to wear, but the woman who wears it well, looks like a queen.

•

What a charming collection of trifles, dear to the heart of womankind, are now seen scattered about. The writing-table of a pleasant-voiced woman, with a gay heart and a merry smile, struck me as being a delightful one on which to rest the eyes. It was polished until the pretty student's lamp was duplicated in the mirror-like top, while leather portfolios and candlesticks, pen-rest, thermometer, ink-wells, letter clip, paper weight, and pencils of silver lay about in the most artistic confusion, while a ton-ton tray of old silver, half-filled with dainty sweets, showed me that the wise owner was very womanly in spite of the business-like look of her well-spattered blotting paper.

•

What a boon the warm weather is to those who never pay their calls. They can stifle the cries of conscience with the away-in-the-summer opiate, and the repulsed little reminder retreats without remonstrance; but I can fancy a meek little remark running thus: "Just you wait till autumn."

We have all read, I suppose, of the poor old woman who wanted to believe that Heaven meant rest. Her life had been so busy, so unquiet, that she thought that music and song would tire her, and she wanted to "jest do nothin' for ever."

If people only took a "spell" at doing nothing here occasionally they would be happier I think, and the time of rest may be very short, if it be only perfect in its way. To loll on the grass and listen to birds and stray breezes will induce a train of thought that cannot but make us better and help us to be more—philosophical.

•

We are drifting slowly, yet in all certainty, into a manner of speech and style of dress which we of to-day call old-fashioned.

We admire the quaint in dress, and we use the well-worn words which were the style of long ago, with an appreciative sense of their sweetness and fitness.

Who, I wonder, does not reject the dandified word "beau" in favor of its synonym "lover?" Who would not prefer to use "courtship" in place of the awkward phrases which are too often employed in its stead? We would rather speak of gown than dress. We prefer these and hosts of other words for their simplicity and because newness too often smacks of cheapness and flippancy, and because we would put into our lives all the strength and abiding force that comes from the stern staid days of the past.

CLIP CAREW.

Views.

For Saturday Night.

The storm is passed, the picture of wild war
That thou, oh Nature, threw o'er Heaven's screen
An hour since, has dissolved; where late has been
Uproarious battle, peace now reigns once more.
The sinking sun is shedding radiance o'er
The tree and housetops, casting golden sheen
Far east, on clouds that lying banked between
Earth and the sloping sky, lift summits hoar—
Presto appears a snow-clad mountain range
With jagged peaks and rugged rocky steeps
Precipitous, up which the twilight creeps,
Turning the glow into a gloom as strange.
Now over topmost crag bright Hesperus peeps—
Thy next, oh Nature!—roll on the ceaseless change!

SCRIBO.

Six Little Smiles.

A fellow, thinking to appear smart, entered a notion store on Smith avenue the other day and said to one of the saleesladies:

"Ever have any call for husbands here?"

"Oh, yes, occasionally. Are you looking for a market?"

"Yes," replied Smarty.

"All right. Step right up to the ten-cent counter."—*Texas Siftings.*

Family Favoritism.

"Oh, no, there ain't any favorites in this family!" soliloquized Johnny; "oh, no! I guess not! If I bite my finger-nails I catch it over the knuckles. But the baby can eat his whole foot and they think it's just cunning."

Manitou Resort, Lake Nipissing.

These islands, unequalled for their picturesque beauty and the fine bass fishing around them, are now thrown open to the public. Beautiful camp sites are free to parties preferring to camp. A private steam yacht runs twice daily to North Bay, five miles distant. The finest bathing beach in Canada extends for a quarter of a mile in front of house and camping grove. An excursion leaves Toronto on July 31, for North Bay. For further particulars write to Manager "Manitou," North Bay P. O.

The Only Pullman Sleeper for New York is via Erie Ry., leaving Toronto 4.55 p m.

Comfort is everything while traveling and in order to obtain this little luxury, you should purchase your tickets via the picturesque Erie. You can also leave Toronto at 3.40 p.m., by the magnificent steamer, Empress of India, solid train from Port Dalhousie.

You can get your eyes tested on scientific principles free of charge at Brown's jewelry store, 110 Yonge street, by going between 10 o'clock a.m. and 1 o'clock p.m. every day.

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THE NEWEST PATTERNS
IN
LADIES' FRIENDSHIP RINGS
AT
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Our stock has been selected to meet all requirements.
Come and inspect our goods and prices before purchasing anything in the Jewelry line.

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We are prepared to plait skirts in the new "Parisian Plaiting" any length up to 48 inches. Price, 40c. per plain yard. Children's Skirts and Capes, 35c.
MISS STAUKHOUSE, 477 Yonge St., Toronto
N. B.—The only place in Canada where "Parisian Plaiting" is done.

Evening Up.

Herr Platz—It vos a leedle oxsperaive; but, py gimineddy, I gedt me mein revenge es fer geddin' arresded lasd Soonday.

Officer Mulliken—Sure'n it's a long t'irsh th' harse has an him. 'Tis a thrifle chry I am, meslif, but it's no favor I'd be askin' that Ditchman.

(Ninety seconds later)—Whirrah—whirru! Av the baste ain't hovin' a fit, he's a dhrunk an' dishorderly! I've handled enough of 'em to know the symptims.—*Puck.*

1890 : SPRING : 1890

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Beg to announce that they are now showing a full line of
FINE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HATS
in all the latest styles for spring trade.
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Ladies, preserve your Furs during the Summer months from Moths, dampness and fire, by sending them to us for storage. They are thoroughly cleaned from the Winter's accumulation of dust before putting them away, and are glazed before sending home. Receipts are given and charges are reasonable.
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Boys, Girls, Young Men or Women, or to every subscriber who will take the pains to write us during the next 30 days and give the number of members of their family who are regular readers of this paper, we will send by mail a pack of HIDDEN NAME CARDS, and our 100p engraved picture catalogue. All sent FREE of charge.
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Another package of BELLEEK to hand.
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THE MANUFACTURER
Paris Hair Works,
103 and 105 Yonge Street

SECOND HALF OF A TWO-PART STORY.

ONE DAY'S FISHING.

By GERTRUDE BARTLETT.

They passed up the narrow plank walk to the hotel. Bertha smiled familiarly upon the girl whom they met in the hall. This girl wore a blue and white print dress, a pink ribbon about her neck and gold bracelets.

"How do you do, Annie? You have become a woman since I saw you last—you were a bit of a girl then. Where is your Mis—do you know where Mrs. Brown is?"

"Why, Bertha, how do you do?" cried a pretty, plainly-dressed little woman who came from the dining-room and took Bertha's hand. "And you, Miss Murray! I have not seen you since last winter. Bertha, girlie, I thought you were never coming to see me; now come right into my parlor, said the spider to the fly, and we will see what nice things we can find for supper."

"Oh, Mrs. Brown, we would be so much pleased to stay, but we cannot. We came for fish, for the minister—you know—he is coming and we must hurry."

"One would think that your aunt had inspired you with some of her veneration for the elder, Bertha. But if you want fish, of course you must have fish. Now, I know we haven't a fish on the premises, our boys didn't catch any to-day and the bake-fish don't come. But perhaps the people in some of the cottages may have some that they will spare. Tom," she called to a red-headed boy who was sloushing past, "will you run over to Dr. Wright's, and Mr. Richardson's, and Mr. Smith's cottages and see if they have any fish to spare?"

"Yis mum," and the boy moved away whistling.

"Now you girls must be hungry and no mistake—fishing all day in this sun. Come right in here, and don't say 'no' to me."

The girls followed her into the cool dining-room where the tables were already set. Mrs. Brown drew out a couple of chairs and bade them be seated, then she herself went away and soon returned with a large tray on which she arranged a plate of daisies, a plate of spread bread, a plate of cold fowl, a large dish of fresh and delicious white raspberries, and glasses of iced milk.

Hardly had a bite been taken before the boy slouche i in and announced, "DocWright hain't got no fish."

"Well, but the others?" they all cried at once.

"They hain't got none neither."

"Oh, what shall we do?" wailed Bertha.

"Eat your lunch the first thing," said sensible Mrs. Brown.

They obeyed her, talking merrily the while. When the last berry had disappeared, Mrs. Brown said, "There is Mr. Granger across the river. We have not been on good terms with them since the affair of the Sunday school picnic that he took from us, but Tom can row you across and you can ask them. I would go myself, but you know how it is—you won't mind going alone, will you?"

"Certainly not; I thank you very much." And, leaving Constance with Mrs. Brown, Bertha ran down to the river bank where Tom was idling in his boat. Bertha called to him, and he took her on board. As he was rowing across, feeling her smiling eyes upon him, he became slightly embarrassed and wished that he had on his other shirt, and that his suspenders were mended in some other fashion than with a nail, and he wished that his nose was not quite so freckled.

"Is Granger a friend of yours?" he remarked.

"Well, yes; he isn't so bad, is he, Tom?"

"Wall, he's about as mean a coon as the Lord ever let run loose."

"Oh, Tom, surely not."

"Wall, ye kin wait an' see fer yerself."

The boat reached the opposite side and Tom waited while Bertha went up toward the hotel. She saw Mr. Granger at the well and went to him.

"How do you do?" she said and gave him her hand. "I am sorry to take up your time, but I want a good fish, and I thought your people might let me have one."

"Yes, I guess that is one. Ye kin pay fer it, I expect! Folks say ye make as much as ten dollars a week at that institoot down to New York whar ye teach. How much do ye pay for board naw?"

"Six dollars and a half. Now, how much is our fish?"

"Wall, it is a purty big bass—weighs as much as three pounds and some odd ounces; ye kin have it fer four dollars and a half."

"Hum! Mr. Granger, what do you think my Aunt Jane would say to me if I paid that for a three pound bass?"

"Yure Aunt Jane is a mighty smart old lady—a mighty smart old lady; it's a pity, ain't it, that ye don't take arter her?"

"Yes, it is; but about the fish—I have got to get back in time to have the fish cooked for the minister."

"Wall, I am a gittin' of it as fast as I kin, ain't I! Ye kin come along and see it if ye wanter." He led on and followed him to the icehouse, from which he took out a bass which he said had been caught but an hour, and he added "Seein' as this is yew, and bein' as yew air the niece of Mis Brewster, I guess ye kin have it fer four dollars and a half."

"Hum! Mr. Granger, what do you think my Aunt Jane would say to me if I paid that for a three pound bass?"

"Yure Aunt Jane is a mighty smart old lady—a mighty smart old lady; it's a pity, ain't it, that ye don't take arter her?"

"Yes, it is; but about the fish—I have got to get back in time to have the fish cooked for the minister."

"Wall, I am a gittin' of it as fast as I kin, ain't I! Ye kin come along and see it if ye wanter." He led on

The Forsyth Will Case.

"There are some things the multiplication table can't estimate, doctor, and I calculate this case is one of them."

The speaker was a Texan *alcalde* of half a century ago, a man with a grave, handsome face, and one of those gigantic antediluvian figures only found in the bracing atmosphere of the prairie, or the lush freedom of the woods.

"The *senorita* will help you to a fair settlement; she knows her own mind. *Santa Jose!* few women know as much."

The doctor gave his opinion decidedly, and in very good English, albeit his small, yellow person and courtly, dignified manner fully proclaimed his Mexican lineage. Then he calmly helped himself to an olive and a glass of chambertin, and watched the *alcalde* as he smoked, and waited for the expected *ayuntamiento*, or jury.

In half an hour, the twelve men had dropped in by twos and threes, nodded coolly to the *alcalde*, and helped themselves to the liquors and cigars on the sideboard. Now and then, they spoke in monosyllables and the composure, gravity and utter absence of hurry gave a kind of dignified, patriarchal earnestness to the proceedings that were eminently American, and which quite made up for the lack of ceremony.

After a lapse of five minutes, the *alcalde* touched a little bell, and said to the negro who answered it:

"Zip, tell the gentlemen we are waiting, and send Tamar for Miss Mary."

"The gentlemen," who were sitting under a gigantic arbor vitæ oak in the garden, in close conversation, rose at Zip's message, and sauntered slowly into the presence of the *alcalde*, who nodded rather stiffly to them, and motioned toward two chairs. They were evidently men of culture, and brothers: some of the jurors leaned toward them with courteous salutations, others simply ignored their presence.

But every one's interest was aroused when the doctor, hearing a footstep, rose, opened the door, and offered his hand to a lady who entered. A calm browed woman with large, steadfast eyes—a woman who it was easy to see could be a law unto herself.

She looked inquiringly at the two gentlemen, who were evidently her brothers, but finding no response to the unuttered love in her pleading eyes, dropped them, and calmly took the seat her friend led her to.

There was another pause; then the alcalde laid down his cigar, and said:

"Men!"

"Squire!"

"We have got a little business to settle between David and George Forsyth and their sister Mary. You are to judge fairly between them, and they are willing to stand by what you say. I calculate they'll explain their own business best. David Forsyth, will you speak for your side?"

David was a keen, shrewd lawyer, and knew how to state his case very plausibly. He said that his father, unduly influenced by Doctor Zavala—who had designs on the ir sister's hand—had left, not only the homestead, but thirty thousand dollars in gold, to Mary Forsyth, and they claimed their share of the money.

The men listened gravely, with keen, sidelong glances. When he had finished, one of them said:

"Very good, stranger; now, what do you mean by 'unduly influenced?'"

"I mean that this Mexican passed whole days with my father, reading to him, talking to him, and in other ways winning his affection, in order to influence him in the making of his will."

"How much did old Forsyth leave Doctor Zavala?"

"He left him personally nothing, but——"

"O!"—the men nodded gravely at one another.

"But," said David, angrily, "he had a deeper scheme than that. He induced my father to turn everything but his homesteaad into money, and to place the whole sum in the San Antonio Bank to Mary's credit. We have no objections to Mary having her share, but we do not see why our share should go to that Mexican whom she intends to marry."

The doctor smiled sarcastically, and Mary, blushing with indignation, half rose as if to speak, but a slight movement of Zavala's eyelids was sufficient to check the impulse.

"Then Mary Forsyth is going to marry Doctor Zavala?"

"Of course, she is."

"And you are willing that she should have the homestead and ten thousand dollars?"

"We are willing she should have the use of the homestead for a moderate rent. We are not willing to give up all claim to it. Why, there are two hundred acres of the finest cotton laid in the world that go with it. If she had the entire right to the homestead, she ought to give up the money."

"Mr. George Forsyth, what have you to say?"

"My brother David has spoken for me."

"Then there was a pause. The *procurador* stepped to the sideboard and filled his glass; several of the jury followed his example, and the others chewed away with silent, thoughtful intentness.

"Doctor Lorenzo Zavala, will you speak for the defendant!"

The doctor turned his chair so as to face both the brothers and the jury, but did not rise.

"Men," he said, "I have known the late David Forsyth for twenty years. I have been his physician and been his friend. I saw his wife die, and watched the children grow to what they are. When the good old mother left them, Mary was twelve years old, David ten and George eight. For her father and brothers, Mary sacrificed all that makes the youth to other women."

"Will you be plainer, Doctor?"

"If you desire. It is known to me how they were then poor, her father a trader in silks and lace and ladies' fine goods, between San Antonio and the outlying settlements. But he was a good man, industrious and ambitious. For his two sons, he had great hopes, and saved and saved and saved by day and night. The little girl at home helped him bravely, hiring out their one servant, and doing cheerfully the work with her own hands. She plaited the straw, made the hats, also, which sold for much; and she worked up the remnants of lace and ribbons into one thousand pretty trifles for the fair women in San Antonio."

"*Alcalde*, these details are irrelevant and impertinent," said David, angrily.

"Every man tells his story in his own way. Are you willing to listen, men?"

There was a universal articulation which evidently meant "yes;" for the doctor smiled graciously, and went on:

"For her two brothers, the little Mary worked, and always worked with a glad heart. They had been sent to the Northern States to school, and David was educated for a lawyer, and George for an architect and builder. For eight years this father and sister worked together, solely for these beloved boys, sparing all comforts to themselves. So they paid all their expenses liberally, and saved about ten thousand dollars.

"But when the young men came back, there was great sorrow and disappointment. They had been educated beyond the simple trader, the self-denying sister, and the log-house on the Wachita prairie. So much sorrow and disappointment that the sister at last begged for them that they should go to the capital, and divide the ten thousand dollars between them.

"How do you know such a thing? It is a lie!" said George.

"I have the father's letter which says so. Will the *alcalde* and the jury read it?"

The *alcalde* read the document, and nodded to the jury.

"You have forgotten, Mr. George," he said; "it is easy to forget such money. The doctor is right."

"After this the father heard little from his sons. They married and forgot the self-denial, the hard labor and the love of so many, many years. They old man worked on, with failing health; but now that he had lost his ambition, and cared little for money, it came on every venture. He did not try to make it, but it came and came. He made on silk and cotton and land; whatever he touched was fortunate.

"But as money came health went; he was sick and suffering, and could not bear his daughter away from him. He was jealous of her love, also, and he suffered her not a lover. This is one thing I allow not myself to speak about. I tell you, *alcalde*, this woman showed through many years one great, sublime sacrifice. Upon my honor, Senors!" and the little gentleman laid his hand upon his heart, and bowed to Mary as if she had been a queen.

"Not for myself; that is one infamy, one scandal too great to be believed. As my sister, as my friend, I honor Miss Mary Forsyth. As my wife! Impossible! Does not all San Antonio know that I adore alone the incomparable Dolores Henriquez!

"One day, as I sat reading by my friend's bed, he said to me:

"'Doctor, that is a pitiful story, and, too true. We think it is a grievous wrong not to give our sons a trade or a profession, but we never think what is to become of the poor girls.'

"I said: 'Oh, we expect them to marry.'

"'But they don't, doctor,' he said, 'they don't, doctor; and the most that do, are left, by death, ill-usage, or misfortune to fight the world some time or other, with no weapon but a needle, doctor. It is a sin and a shame!'

"'It's the way of the world, my friend,' I said.

"'I know I spent thousands of dollars on my boys, and then divided all I had between them. If Providence had not blessed my work extraordinarily, or if I had died five years ago, what would have become of Mary?'

"So, gentlemen, I said:

"'Squire, your sons do not know that you have made more money; they thought they had got all you had, and have not visited you, or written to you, lest you should ask anything of them. Do justice at once to your loving, faithful daughter; secure her now from want and dependence, and give her, at length, leisure to love and rest.'

"And my friend, being a good man, did as I advised that he should do. For that he died in good peace with his own conscience, and made me for once, Senors, very happy that I gave good advice, free gratis, for nothing at all."

"So you did not profit at all by this will?"

"Not one dollar in money, but very much in my conscience. Santa Jose! I am well content."

"Miss Mary," said the *alcalde*, kindly, "have you anything to say?"

Mary raised her clear, gray eyes, and looked with yearning tenderness into her brothers' faces. David pretended to be reading. George stooped over and spoke to him. With a sigh, she turned to the *alcalde*.

"Ask my brothers what they value the homestead at."

"Two thousand dollars," promptly answered David.

"Too much—too much," grumbled all the jury.

"Two thousand dollars," re-asserted David; and George added: "Bare value."

"I will buy it at two thousand dollars. Will you ask my brothers if they have any daughters, *alcalde!*"

"Gentlemen, you hear! Have you any daughters?"

David said surlily that he had no children at all, and one of the jurymen muttered, with a queer laugh, that he was married—didn't see how his sin was "a-going to find him out."

George said he had two daughters.

"Ask their names, *alcalde*."

"Mary and Nellie."

The poor sister's eyes filled as she looked in George's face and said:

"*Alcalde*, I give to my niece Mary ten thousand dollars, and to my niece Nellie ten thousand dollars, and I hope you and the good men present will bear witness to my testament, I know my brother David will never want a dollar while there is one in the country he lives in. George is extravagant, and will have always a ten-dollar road for a five-dollar piece; but his boys can learn his own or their uncle's trade; there are plenty of ways for them. I would like to put the girls beyond dependence and beyond the necessity of marrying for a living."

David rose in a fury and said he would listen no longer to such nonsense.

"You forget, Mr. Forsyth, that you have put this case into our hands. I think you will have more sense than make enemies of thirteen of the best men in the neighborhood. Gentlemen, would you like to retire and consider this matter?"

"Not at all, *alcalde*. I am for giving Miss Forsyth all her father gave her."

"And I," "And I," "And I," cried the whole twelve almost simultaneously.

"I shall contest this affair before the San Antonio Court," cried David, passionately.

"You think better of it, Mr. Forsyth. Do you mean to say you brought twelve men here to help to rob your sister, sir?"

"I mean to say that that Mexican Zavala has robbed me. I shall call him to account."

The doctor laughed good-naturedly, and answered:

"We have each our own weapons, my friend. I cannot fight with any other. Besides, I marry me a wife next week." And the doctor leaned pleasantly on the *alcalde's* chair, and, with a joke, bade friend after friend "Good-bye."

Mary Forsyth carried out her intentions. She settled, strictly and carefully, ten thousand on each of her nieces, bought her homestead, and then sat down to consider what she should do with her eight thousand dollars.

"If I were a Frenchwoman and San Antonio were Paris," she said, "I would rent a store and go to trading. I know how to buy and sell by instinct, and if I were a born farmer, I could plant corn and cotton, and turn them into gold, but I am not a farmer—I never made a garden and got a decent meal out of it. I calculate 'twill be best to get John Doyle for head-man and put my money in cattle."

Just as she came to this decision, Doctor Zavala drove hurriedly up to the door.

"Mary! Mary!" he cried, "come quickly! There is an old friend of yours in the timber too ill with the dengue fever to move."

"What do you need, doctor?"

"Need! I need you and a couple of men to carry him here. Do you know that it is Will Morrison?"

"O, doctor! doctor!"

"Fact. Heard of your father's death in Arizona, and came straight home to look after you. Poor fellow! he's pretty bad."

Well, Mary did not need to hire John Doyle as head-man; for Will, who had loved her faithfully for fifteen long years, was the finest stock-man in the state; and within three months, the doctor and his beautiful Dolores danced a fandango at Mary and Will's wedding!

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Wife—Can't you cut it short?

Lawyer—Not until the jury have had time to forget the evidence against my client.

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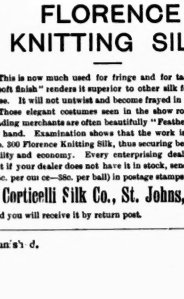

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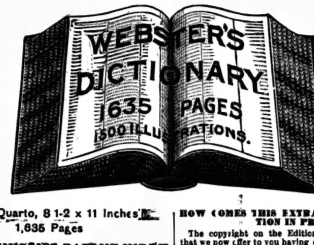

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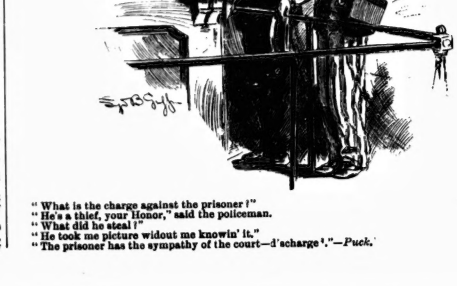

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"He's a thief, your Honor," said the policeman.
"What did he steal?"
"He took me picture widout me knowin' it."
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A Great Summer Country.

One of the important questions which urban residents are called on to decide during this season of the year is where they will spend their vacation. It is not that any urgent necessity drives the citizens of Toronto from their homes during the summer, for there are many places in the world, their existence depending entirely on their reputation as watering places, where the natural attributes commonly supposed to belong to such resorts are infinitely less than are those of Toronto. We have not yet arrived at such a metropolitan standing that half our population never feast their eyes in summer on anything greener than brick and mortar or bluer than the noisome waters of the bay. Any healthy and active person who feels so inclined, can leave the very heart of the city, and in an hour at most can lose sight of the town entirely in a forest, which, if it is not exactly primeval, is a very fair second-rate article. We have yet to hear of a Toronto urchin who defined grass as "something you have to keep off of," or who never saw a more luxuriant tree than the product of a miserable back-yard and a smoke-laden atmosphere. Our latitudinal situation, assisted by many other favorable conditions of situation, guard us from such extremes of temperature as affect other cities to the south and west. With all the facilities afforded for obtaining easy access to the water and the fresh air and the open country Toronto is a very pleasant place to live in during the summer. Besides these things it has its beautiful streets planted with thickly foliated trees, its spacious lawns and gardens and its pleasant parks. While it may be an excellent thing for residents here to spend their vacation away from home, to recuperate from the worries of business and household cares it is entirely unnecessary for them to leave home on account of the discomfort of living here during the dog-days. Many of the summer resorts will afford them far less comfort, but then, as the old saying goes, "A change is as good as a rest," and is beneficial to everybody.

Did it ever occur to you that Canada altogether is one huge summer resort. From where the surf of the Atlantic breaks upon the rugged shores of Cape Breton, up through Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, through picturesque Quebec and fertile Ontario, westward through the prairies to the Rockies and the Pacific, and northward to the land of eternal winter stretches a vast region where in the summer Dame Nature smiles with a smile that makes the heart of weary man glad and sends him back to the battle with his wounds healed and his spirit and arm strong again for the fray. In all this country is fertility and life. It is free alike in the summer season from extremes of heat or cold, of continued rainfall or severe drought. Its skies are as clear as those of Italy, and its waters as blue as the Mediterranean. Its sceneries are of the most varied description. In the far west are the Rockies, grandly majestic, beyond the power of a descriptive pen. In the east are scenes of rural loveliness such as would have tempted the pen of Wordsworth or the old masters of classic pastoral. Between them are the "gardens of the desert, boundless and beautiful—the prairies." Vast inland seas pour forth majestic rivers. Little lakes, shimmering like diamonds in a setting of emerald, feed and are fed by a thousand rivulets. On the one hand vast and shadowy forests, where the axe has never echoed, stretch their exuberant verdure for hundreds of miles; on the other the sustenance of millions is spread to the delighted eye in fields of growing grain. Every town is a picture, every farm a bower of beauty. It is a country of forest, field and flood, extravagantly endowed with nature's abundance and swept from ocean to ocean with tempered and health-giving breezes. What more could the stalled-up residents of city streets desire! Unfortunately, too many of them are unwilling to relinquish for a moment the mad race of ambition and frivolity and therefore rush sheeplike in crowds hither and thither. It matters little to these where they are so long as they are in a crowd. But for those who desire to allay the fever of living by going to nature it is different. To such as these Canada in summer is a paradise filled with the natural advantages for which a worn out spirit yearns. It will one day be the summering place of this continent, and when the peoples of the eastern hemisphere get over the idea that the north pole is planted here somewhere we can supply ozone sufficient to revive the effete products of older civilizations.

Music.

The visit of Signor Liberati's excellent band was an event in our musical life which was hardly appreciated as it should have been by our music lovers. Liberati has surrounded himself with a body of excellent musicians, who show the result of diligent practice and whose music was enjoyable to the last degree. Liberati, apart from his virtuosity as a cornet player, is a musician of great ability, and handles his band so well that the universal question was "which do you consider to be the better band, Gilmore's or Liberati's," a question that was in itself a compliment of no mean weight to the latter. In his programmes Signor Liberati exercised a most praiseworthy self-denial by avoiding the popular but vapid music by which Gilmore so cleverly maintains his hold upon the affections of his audiences. His selections were all good in the best sense of the word, many of them being of the best class. Their rendition was characterized by extreme fidelity and care in the observation of dynamic effects, splendid contrasts of light and shade being secured. Liberati spared himself no physical labors in attaining this end, his gestures and movements being rather exuberant. He seemed to delight in securing occasional *fortissime* which were too much for the limited space in the Pavilion, and were painful to the auditors.

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In the respect of tonal contrasts, his work was better than Gilmore's, certainly better than Gilmore's was at his last visit to Toronto. The accentuation was delightful in its certainty and crispness. In the blending and mellowness of tone Gilmore, however, still leads, and fine as was the Liberati band in this respect, the older organization still leads in exquisite blending of tone-color. Liberati's rendering of the overtures on his programme was excellent, especially that of the Athalie overture. The programme music also was rendered with grace and spirit. Liszt's Symphonic Poem is long and devoid of color contrast when performed by a military band, and its beauties are to a great degree lost. Probably its introduction in the programme served to show the versatility and capability of the band. The instrumental soloists were all good. Tilli's sugary duett for flute and horn pleased the groundlings immensely, but musicians found their delight in Mons. Felix Bour's beautiful oboe playing. What a weird, mysterious tone he produces! It is as fine and sensitive as a violin tone, and his phrasing and expression are in the highest degree artistic.

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Miss Ellen Parepa, the vocalist who accompanied the band, is not necessarily, as the name might imply, a relative of the great Parepa who delighted us twenty years ago, nor does she sing like her. Miss Parepa has a pretty soprano voice, not well equalized in its registers, and sings in rather an amateurish manner. Her voice lacks volume and carrying power, and she is afraid of attacking her high notes, while her enunciation is very indistinct. These faults, with her lack of breadth in phrasing, made her performances rather disappointing. Miss Evelyn Severs of Toronto sang La Parlate d'Amor from Faust at one of the concerts. She has a pleasing voice which, though not large in volume, is brilliant in quality, and she has a fine spirit and dash in her singing which makes her efforts very satisfactory to her auditors. The small attendance at the concerts was probably due largely to the hot weather, and I hope that Mr. Percival T. Greene may have greater good fortune with his next concert venture, the Strauss orchestra in September next.

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The circus in the Toronto Vocal Society continues with unabated vigor. Mr. W. E. Haslam and his adherents are so determined to have a society that they had almost organized the Toronto Glee Club, with name and title, officers and committees, when the suggestion that a conference should be sought with the T. V. S. committee caused a complete change of direction, peace being anxiously looked forward to. But these yearnings for a return to the arms of the committee have not been met in a sympathetic manner by that body. They say "wait." How these people can effect so hysterical an assemblage as that of the 17th to wait, is beyond me. A meeting that contains all that is great and good in music, that looks upon the committee as a body of Solons and Pallastines without musical knowledge or feeling, will never content itself to settle down and wait, or I miss my mark widely this Wednesday afternoon as I write.

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Mr. Musson's letter to Mr. English seems to me to be a very reasonable and sensible one. Common courtesy and common civility ("and that of the commonest kind," as an old friend of mine used to put it) should lead the ladies and gentlemen who consider themselves aggrieved to credit the committee and its adherents with at least as much sense and honesty, as well as musical equipment as they themselves carry under their own hats. The lion in the path of reconciliation is of course the appointment of Mr. Buck as conductor, but if the difficulties could be smoothed over and Mr. Haslam and the committee reunited in the bonds of brotherly love, it would be an easy matter to look upon Mr. Buck's stipend as a recognition of professional excellence, and to let that gentleman enjoy it without working for it. As it is, it is hardly likely that a board of ladies and gentlemen, whose social, artistic and business standing has always been a source of pride to the society, should so suddenly have been bereft of their senses and become, each and every one of them, wrong on this one point, and it is still probably true that they can justify their action to the society at what they consider the proper moment. They, in conjunction with Mr. Haslam, managed the affairs, musical and business, of the society, and friction thus arose, the causes of which must be unknown to the society, and in justice to the ladies and gentlemen to whom were intrusted the work and responsibility of administering the affairs of the society, its members should wait and hear the explanation.

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Of course, it must be galling to a conductor to find that after he has worked for several years and put forth his best efforts, as we must suppose Mr. Haslam to have done, he should be decapitated, but I believe that conductors have ere this been found to be too imperial, and those who have to consider ways and means and find grease for the wheels have had to sit upon them. Those who are not in the fight have found considerable amusement in seeing the assumption of concentration of musical excellence and intelligence that has been put forth by the secessionists. Modesty and a retiring disposition are not their distinguishing characteristics. Those, however, who have lived a little longer in Toronto than some of these ladies and gentlemen can remember very creditable efforts and performances of a nature germane to those of the Toronto Vocal Society which have not been at all discreditable, and it may also be said that unaccompanied part singing, mild and pleasant as it is, is not the only nor yet the highest form of musical expression; nor are its excellent preparation and perfomance the only way to advance the higher interests of music, conclusions that these turbulent spirits would fain have us believe. There are among us other faithful and conscientious workers in the field of musical endeavor, whose sympathy cannot lie with those who make such extravagant claims.

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The Island Aquatic Association gave an At Home at the cottage of Mrs. George Gooderham on the lake front of the island on Saturday evening last. Very enjoyable songs were rendered by Miss Norma Reynolds, Mr. Walter Read, Mr. D. E. Cameron and Mr. Harry Boddy, the accompaniments being cleverly played by Mrs. D. E. Cameron. No less enjoyable was the dancing which followed.

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The untimely death of Mr. Edwin T. Coates has had as one of its results the amalgamation of the *Canadian Musical Herald* with the *Canadian Musical Journal*, a result which ought to add strength to the enterprise. Mr. W. E. Haslam will continue to edit the magazine with the assistance of Mr. Percy W. Mitchell, the printing being done at the office of Messrs. Timms & Co.

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The Philharmonic Society, true to its policy of producing novelties of excellence, will at its first concert next season sing Dr. C. A. Mackenzie's Cottar's Saturday Night, and Hamish McCunn's Lay of the Last Minstrel.

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A rumor has been going the rounds of the press to the effect that Miss Agnes Huntington, the beautiful American contralto, was engaged to the Right Honorable William Humble Ward, Earl Dudley. This week, however, an authoritative and positive denial has been given to the report, though without saying at whose instance, whether at that of the gentleman or that of the lady. Miss Huntington has left the Carl Rosa opera company, and some time ago was announced to appear in America next season.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

Daly's company, headed by Ada Rehan and John Drew, is playing in London this summer with great success. Scott, the critic of the London *Telegraph*, is the most bitter and severe of all the London critics, and the most feared, and his first impressions of Rehan as expressed upon the occasion of the Daly company's first visit to the metropolis were not complimentary. But Scott's critique of her Rosalind was the most enthusiastic and adulatory of all. A few extracts from his article give some idea of his change of heart. He said: "English audiences go to sleep over Shakespeare, because as a rule, the text is delivered with such slovenliness. Last night all remained in their seats delighted until 11.30 o'clock, and even then the majority were disinclined to go. Of course Miss Ada Rehan was the heroine of the evening, and it is only fair to say that her Rosalind requires far more thought and care to describe and convey the meaning of than can be given in the hurried hours after a late performance. It has three distinct qualities—grace, humor, and womanliness. It matters little in what scene you behold her, Rosalind is the embodiment of grace and womanly charm. What style she has in the opening scenes before the churlish banishment. How she sweeps the stage in her gorgeous apparel, by the side of her playmate, Celia! With what dignity she makes her obeisance, alike to the envious duke and to the successful wrestler, Orlando! In breadth of style, in dignity of carriage, in that bold sweep of the stage so little seen in modern times, surely Miss Ada Rehan stands alone and without a rival. Artists may paint with a bold brush, or may indulge in elaborate detail. One may be brilliant in execution, the other finished. Miss Rehan belongs to the grander school of art. She treads the stage with elasticity and drunness. She does not shamble on like a nervous amateur. But best of all Miss Rehan's Rosalind, with all its hysterical impulse, with all its occasional extravagance, with all its original eccentricity, is a charming and womanly creation. It is not a masculine woman, but a veritable woman, imbued with the very spirit of reckless fun and abandonment to the humor of the situation." Scott concludes: "Pure Shakespeare and good elocution are the things we do not meet with in England every day. It was a refreshing novelty." A feature of As You Like It, as presented by the Daly company, is a bold innovation that has been much discussed. The Daly people pronounce the last syllable of Rosalind to rhyme with find. Daly explains that Shakespeare probably knew what he was about when he made the word Rosalind rhyme in Orlando's verses, and insists that the long sound of the "i" in the last syllable is correct. A controversy will probably be aroused by this dictum of the American company that will be of interest to all Shakespearean scholars.

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Probably not one in a thousand of Helena Modjeska's admirers, says the *Theater Magazine*, knows how she spends her holidays. But I hope it will not interfere with the general esteem in which she is held if I divulge the fact that during her vacation our famous Ophelia is alternately a modiste and a photographer. Instead of hunting, as she might well do in the woods that surround her California ranch, or playing tennis, or counting cribbage with the Count, Portia studies developers, and Rosalind has deserted Arden for the dark room. Mme. Modjeska is as much of an expert in the art of Daguerre as she is in that of Thespis. She is versed in blue prints, black prints, and bromides; she can manipulate a kodak, a front focus, a detective, a reversible back, or a patent duplex with equal facility. Modjeska's other diversion is dressmaking. She spends a great part of the summer season in designing costumes for the winter. Underneath a capacious awning in the back yard of her house she has a dressmaking establishment consisting of two sewing machines, a couple of seamstresses, a dressmaker's dummy, a work table, an artist's easel and a camera. The latter apparatus are directed by the fair and gifted ranch-holder herself. Mme. Modjeska first designs the costumes she wishes to wear in any particular character, and after her sewing woman has carried out her ideas in silks and satins and taffetas, she photographs the gowns on the lay-figure. The manikin, or as I might with more propriety say, womanikin, is built on the exact lines and measurements of Modjeska's figure, and by taking a picture of it she can gain a complete idea as to how her gowns are going to look at a subsequent period on the stage. Mme. Modjeska, however, intends her camera for a higher use than as an aid to artistic costuming. Her 'prentice hand is rapidly growing adept in all features of photography during her summer vacation at the ranch in California. This knowledge she intends to utilize while at her former home in Poland next year. As is well known, Helena Modjeska is an enthusiastic and patriotic Pole. Poland esteems Russia about as much as Ireland reverences England, and Mme. Modjeska means to utilize her leisure and her camera in making an extended series of views in order to explain some papers she desires to write on the oppression of the serfs for our magazines. She has already tried the merit of her pen in the *Cosmopolitan*.

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The London critics have been making a most irreverent attack upon Charles Wyndham's She Stoops to Conquer, and a little while ago a writer in the *Saturday Review* said "that the spirit, nay, the very text of our most honored writers should be tampered with, to air the vanity or conceal the shortcomings of an actor is, alas, no new thing; but that London should supply audiences to applaud the 'improvements' and to bear with equanimity the insinuation that the play has been so altered that they may better appreciate it, is a discovery which must be to the optimists of our stage as startling as it is discouraging."

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Fay Templeton is coming down like a wolf on the fold this fall says the *Mirror*. She will appear in a burlesque as Hendrik Hudson, and a Miss Randolph will be the Christopher Columbus. We will then discover, for the first time, that Christopher wore high-heeled French slippers and lavender tights, and that Hendrik Hudson, instead of being the gruff old chap he is pictured, was a kittenish young thing with blonde curls who didn't wear clothes to any great extent and who had an English-American accent that would make the angels weep.

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"You would be surprised," Dr. Wolf Hopper said to a reporter recently, "if you knew how many pet superstitions are embalmed in the affections of the profession. It is not only the women who are affected, but the men also in an equal degree. I remember some years ago, when I was a youngster in the profession, and looked forward to playing Hamlet at no very distant date, I was sitting on the stage one day waiting for rehearsal to begin, when I began to troll out a bar or two of some air which I could not exactly place, but which seemed somehow familiar to me. The 'first old man' of the company no sooner heard me than with an expression of the direst foreboding he rushed up to me, and, his voice broken with poignant emotion, implored me to stop. 'Why, what's the matter?' said I. 'Have you a soul insensible to music? Do my dulcet strains offend you?' 'Stop that Macbeth music or you'll hoodoo the lot of us. As it is you have sealed your own fate already, and I'll wager, young man, that before ten years are spent you will have come to a bad end.' He spoke with cruel prophecy. That was only nine years ago, and I have been a comic opera star for two months. "Seriously speaking, though, there is hardly a man, woman or child in the profession who does not believe that anyone who whistles, hums or sings a bar of Locke's 'Macbeth' music, except during the actual performance, will come to a tragic end. As you know, Matthew Locke composed the incidental music to 'Macbeth' about 200 years ago, and it has been constantly used ever since. How long the superstition connected with it has been in existence I don't know, but I fancy it is almost contemporaneous with the music itself, which, by the way, is remarkably fine. A purely professional superstition is that which gives the value of a hoodoo to the speaking of a 'tag' at rehearsal. A 'tag,' as perhaps you are well aware, is the term applied to the last lines of a play, which are usually spoken by the leading character, but, however pregnant with meaning they may be, they are always skipped at rehearsal. Indeed, so far do many old-timers carry this aversion that in the prompt-copy of the piece the 'tag' is not even written down in full, but a row of etceteras takes its place."

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Mrs. Alice Shaw is going to Petersburg to ease the head that wears the crown of all the Russians by whistling for its owner. When the silvery strains of Little Annie Rooney break upon his appreciative tympanum, it is likely his royal highness will forget that there are such things as revolutionary students, nihilists, and copies of the *Century* magazine. Mrs. Shaw's whistle has carried her from poverty to affluence, from obscurity to international celebrity. It is strange, in view of her brilliant progress, that the inventive American girl hasn't begun to pucker up her pretty lips and pour forth her soul in ventose sibilants.

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To have failed greatly is the next best thing to a brilliant success. This truth Mr. Henry Irving is now realizing. His production of Macbeth at the Lyceum Theater early last year failed greatly because Mr. Irving's method admits of no middle course—and moderate success in others is equivalent to absolute failure with him. Now, in company with Miss Helen Terry, he is making a tour of the English provinces giving readings of Macbeth, with a full orchestra to play the incidental music specially composed for that production by Sir Arthur Sullivan. The interest evoked is such that the first "house" realized the handsome sum of £1,200—say $6,000.

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Madame Helena Modjeska, who is still a very "Rose of May" upon the stage, and who is known as the gentlest and kindest of artists, is quoted as saying that ill-temper, with its excitement of the nerves and disturbance of the emotions, is a deadly foe to beauty and charm, and that no wise woman will permit herself its indulgence.

The Humber.

For Saturday Night.

The writhing hills with shrub clad sides
And toppling hemlocks stand,
They wave and beckon here and there—
A weird, mysterious, silent pair,
With firm, imperious hand.

The river follows as they lead,
With low complaining cry,
While gaily up with heat or stroke
The hissing launch, or car of oak
Bears pleasure-seekers by.

We land beside a sun bright pool
Where nervous shadows stray,
And there indraw the bloom-breath sweet,
In silence sit with joy complete,
And sniff the scented hay.

On high hung boughs the gay leaves dance
In fitful airy grace,
And sunbeams slyly peep between
The low-drawn blinds of quivering green,
And kiss my careless face.

Dear note of bee and bird and breeze,
Bright stream with iris gay,
How well you do your noble part
To fill the mind and feed the heart
And lift care's weight away.

FRANCES BURTON CLARK.

Dad's Boy.

For Saturday Night.

Homeward I turn—the day's work o'er—
My weary steps, and at the door
Am met by pattering little feet,
And clasping arms, and laughter sweet.
He toddles off with merry shout,
Tumbles, and knocks himself about
Bringing Dad's slippers one by one—
Dad's little fair-haired, blue-eyed son.

Then dimpled hands smooth o'er my face
As though the lines of care to trace,
And, cuddling close, the little lad
Says in his soft voice, "Dee ole Dad,"
—We rest awhile. The baby boy
Coos to himself in quiet joy,
Thinking of joyous hours ahead
For fun and frolic—and then to bed.

And by-and-bye, when our tea is done
There comes the hour of mirth and fun
Till drowsy eyes and drooping head
Tell us 'tis time for Boy-boy's bed.
Night has her sable wings outspread,
But darkness has for him no fear
Knowing that Dad is lying near.

And while I watch his gentle sleep
My heart is stirred with feelings deep
Of joy—yet pain, of hope—yet fear
Of time that rolls on year by year,
Till my strung heart breathes forth a prayer
That God will guard my baby fair,
And peace comes to my trembling fears
And happiness as deep as tears.

And when at dawn I go my way
Leaving my babe till close of day,
I press on his lips a gentle kiss
Feeling no comfort sweet as this—
To know that when I home shall come,
The long day o'er, the hard work done,
He'll welcome me with loving joy—
Dad's fair little blue-eyed baby-boy.

E. M. SCHOLEFIELD

Fortune.

For Saturday Night.

Dame Fortune sits upon a stool
And turns her wheel for age and fool,
A turn or two that way or this
May stamp the pain or seal the bliss
Of years of tears or laughter.

I hear a voice, I see a face,
Th at greet me in no other place;
A turn or two, the wheel goes round,
Alas! Alas! nor sight nor sound
Will come to me hereafter.

SAM GREENWOOD.

Juanita.

[All alone with himself as his only company, up among the high cliffs just outside the town of Oakland, California, Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, is passing his days. "What is there to attract one here?" he recently wrote to a friend who wanted to travel two thousand miles to visit him. "Nothing, absolutely nothing, except centipedes, scorpions, and the tarantula, and they're not the best company for a city-bred man, for whatever they put their feet on they poison. But I like it. I just turn the rocks up here over, and then I plant a tree or build a fence, and once in a while I write. Keep away from me; stay where you are, and when I want you and the rest of the world, I'll send."—Ex.]

You will come my bird, bonita?
Come! For I by steep and stone
I have built you a nest, Juanita,
Such as eagle hath never known.

Rugged! Rugged as Parnassus!
Rude, as all roads I have trod;
Yet are steeps and stone-strown passes
Smooth o'er head, and nearest God.

Here black thunders of my canon
Shake its walls in Titan wars!
Here while sea-horn clouds companion
With such peaks as know the stars!

Here madrono, manzineta,
Here the snarling chaparral
House and hang o'er steeps, Juanita.
Where the gaunt wolf loved to dwell!

Dear, I took these trackless masses
Fresh from Him who fashioned them:
Wrought in rock, and hewed fair passes,
Flower set, as one sets a gem.

Aye, and built in woe, God willed it;
Woe that passeth dreat of guilt,
Yet I built as His birds builded
Builded singing as I built.

All is finished. Roads of flowers
Wait your loyal little feet.
All completed: Nay the hours
Till you come are incomplete.

Steep below me lies the valley,
Deep below me lies the town,
Where great sea ships ride and rally,
And the world wakes up and down.

O, the sea of lights far streaming,
When the thousand flags are furled,
When the gleaming bay lies dreaming
As it duplicates the world!

You will come ere my dearest, truest
Come my sovereign queen of ten
My blue skies will then be bluest,
My white rose be whitest then.

Then the song! Ah, then the sabre
Flashing up the walls of night!
Hate of wrong and love of neighbor,
Rhymed of battle for the Right!

JOAQUIN MILLER in *Oakland Enquirer*.

Noted People.

Louise Chandler Moulton is in Rome.

Bellamy's Looking Backward is in its three hundred and thirty-third thousand. It has already been translated into German and French.

Miss Helen Gould, the only daughter of Jay Gould, owns the rarest private collection of orchids in the country, and is an accomplished botanist.

Dr. James McGregor, Queen's Victoria's Scotch chaplain, is a brilliant preacher and of very small stature. He is slightly deformed, a defect which has gained for him the title in Edinburgh of "Bowdy" MacGregor.

Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson, the novelist, is the idol of novel publishers. All the productions of her pen are eagerly bought by them and is easily disposed of. She is now living in Italy. She is a dainty little woman and very peculiar in her dress.

Mrs. Harrison, wife of the President of the United States, is said to be very fond of the Bible, Washington Irving's works and the poets of America. She prefers old books to the current literature, and reads none of the new novels and very few periodicals.

George Francis Train is comfortably domiciled in Fern Hill, a suburb of Tacoma, and calls his cottage Train-Villa-on-the-Hill. He is expecting a visit from his daughter soon, and talks some about making another trip around the world—this time in fifty days.

Princess Marie Leonide Bonaparte, daughter of Prince Charles, has just married a simple lieutenant of infantry, and brought him a dowry of $3,000,000. The father at first opposed the marriage, but Bonaparte women are in the habit of doing as they like, and the princess had her way.

Mr. Depew says that Queen Victoria is a wonderful woman, and he was much struck with the way her face lights up when she smiles. It would appear from this that Mr. Depew took occasion when in Her Majesty's presence to get off a few good things, and with unqualified success.

Miss Mary Angela Dickens, the granddaughter of the great novelist, has come out as a story writer, and the holiday number of *All the Year Round*, the well known periodical founded by Dickens, consists of a novel from her pen. She has already written several short stories, and this is the most ambitious effort.

Princess Beatrice is writing a book on lace, which promises to be a standard work, as Her Royal Highness has one of the largest and best collections in the world, and is continually adding to it. She loves lace, and has made a special study of its varieties. It is probable that the book will be illustrated by the royal author.

George Meredith varies his novel writing by "reading" for a firm of London publishers. Mr. Meredith is the most indulgent of readers, and often enters into correspondence with the ambitious authors whose works have been submitted to him, giving them hints and friendly advice. He is the more disposed to do this by reason of his own sad experiences. When he began his literary career, he encountered terrible privations.

Cardinal Manning owns a small farm, from which he daily receives dairy produce and such vegetables and fruits as are in season. The library is his working and living room, and here he almost always has a fire, for his decreased vitality makes him feel chilly. The place is choke full of books, not only in shelves around the walls, but in cases in the middle of the room, leaving just a little gangway in which to take a walk. The cardinal knows the place of every book.

Miss Charlotte Robinson, the decorative artist, of London, who revels in the patronage of a queen and a whole school of princesses, is the envy of half of England. On the strength of a set of doylies made for Her Majesty and some Watteau scenes for a fan to H. R. H. the Princess of Wales, Miss Robinson has been able to command prices for her work that R. A. men would not venture to ask. Miss Robinson is a pale-eyed, saffron-colored little lady with a thin voice, a slim waist and long feet, but her pictures are in the fashion.

Archdeacon George Denison, the famous "fighting Archdeacon," who was born six weeks after the battle of Trafalgar, is still a man of such phenomenal energy that he is known among his friends as "St. George without the Dragon." When at home at East Brent, on the Somerset coast, he is accustomed to rise between five and six a.m., winter and summer, and he kindles his study fire unassisted. He invariably attends matins and the daily celebration in his church, and gives his secretary minute instructions for answering his heavy correspondence before he sits down to his frugal breakfast. He frequently indulges in a rubber of whist in the evening.

Miss Raffalovitch, the beautiful Russian blue stocking who married the Irish patriot, William O'Brien, is described as sweet and gentle in addition to her high literary attainments. There was a touch of romance about their engagement. The lady had long been a keen student of Irish politics and an enthusiastic sympathizer with the cause with which Mr. O'Brien's name is indentified. Her pen had been devoted to the advocacy of the claims of Ireland in Continental journals. Her sympathy with Mr. O'Brien in his imprisonments manifested itself in various ways, and when they met in Paris interest on one side and admiration and gratitude on the other resulted in an engagement.

This is how Lady Florence Dixie takes exercise. Since childhood she has always been an early riser. Straight from her bed, she plunges into a cold tub, and emerges therefrom warm and glowing; she feels the blood coursing through her veins, and the rude health which a good circulation always engenders. The cold bath she never neglects; summer or winter she welcomes it. Then, before breakfast, a sharp walk, or perhaps a quarter of a mile's quick run, or a two-mile course at a slower pace, or a gallop across country on horseback. Any of these gives an appetite for breakfast. Later on she uses the dumb-bells or Indian clubs, or frequents the gymnasium. In all athletic sports—rowing, riding, cricket, lawn tennis, etc.—she is at home and, some say, is a first-class hand.

The little daughter of the King and Queen of Holland will be the richest heiress in the world. She is a simple-minded, intelligent child, and talks four language fluently. Her chief delight, when she was five or six, was making mud pies, but this pleasure she was not often allowed to indulge in. The little princess has an enormous number of white frocks as she is dressed in nothing but white in the summer, and has a clean dress every day. When driving out her English governess has great difficulty in keeping the poor little princess perpetually acknowledging the public salute. "Why do all the people want to look at me?" asked the little mite one day. "Not for your own sake, dear, but because you are your father's little girl," was her governess' wise reply.

The Persian Lilac.

For Saturday Night.

The Persian lilac's nodding plumes
Would tell of charm that round them hovers,
The purpling perfume-burdened blooms
Were sacred once to Gheber lovers,

Who far away in Iran's bowers
Beneath the lilac breathed devotion,
And chose it from among all flowers
As emblem of love's first emotion.

Poetic Iran! though between
Are centuries long spent and oceans,
We ever as the world grows green
Would feel of love the first emotions. IDAIS.

Three Drinking Songs.

There are love songs and love songs, beautiful love songs, touching love songs, and a great many very silly love songs, but for honest feeling, where can a love song equal the drinking song? I do not think that a poor drinking song was ever written, but I certainly cannot say this of the love song. Perhaps it is due to the fact that no poet ever feels called upon to write a drinking song, while he does to write about love. Even the sternest temperance man cannot fail to be delighted with the ring and the humor of Jolly Good Ale:

Back and syde go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

In Washington Irving's sketch Little Britain this song is given as Mine Host of the Half-Moon's Confession of Faith, and we are told that it was sung to the accompaniment of pewter mugs, pounded on an oaken table. It appears in the early English comedy entitled, Gammer Gurton's Needle, and is usually credited to John Still, bishop of Bath and Wells, the author of that comedy. Mr. Dyce, in his edition of Skelton's works, prints from a manuscript in his possession, a song practically the same, except that it has eight verses instead of four as in Still's version. The song loses its charm in being thus prolonged, and although it is quite as likely that the priestly hero of so many "merye tailes" wrote it as that Still did I prefer to accept the latter's version. The reader will notice, however, that both alleged authors were churchmen, as the song runs, "Who leads a good life is sure to live well." I give the song in its shorter version:

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a cold,
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire,
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I do not desire.
No frost nor snow, nor wind I trow,
Shall hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapt and thoroughly lapt
With jolly good ale and old.

And Tyb my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek;
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl
Even as a malt worm should;
And saith sweetheart, I took my part
Of jolly good ale and old.

Now let them drink, till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do,
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to;
And all poor souls, that have scoured bowls,
Or have them lustily trowled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.

Back and syde go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

We can imagine the singer of this song to be a round, stout fellow, Falstaffian, if I may use the word, true to his milder ale as "sweet Jack" to his sack, with round, red face, for as John Lyly says:

"Plump thou makest men's ruby faces,
By thee our noses swell with sparkling carbuncle."

And Tyb! how she reminds one of Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, a buxom dame, not very refined, but as Mr. Saintsbury says, of a rugged but sound moral character.

Another fine drinking song is Sheridan's Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen, the most popular of its kind in the English language. Here the singer must have an excuse for a glass, a contrast to Congreve's:

He that whines for a lass,
Is an ignorant ass,
For a bumper has not its fellow.

As it is so familiar to most readers, I need only give one verse of it:

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Again the character of the singer enters into the song. How well adapted is it to Charles Surface's dinner table!

The first song extols the bumper for its external qualities or what it does for the body; the second says nothing about the qualities of the drink but goes in for the drinking of it; the third goes back to the qualities of the wine, but this time extols its internal ones, or what it does for the heart and the brain. This drinking song or poem is Dr. Holmes' Mare Rubrum which is as near as the nineteenth century can come to the drinking song. If it was not sung over the wine, it was read over it, at one of the annual reunions of the class of '29. I give the first three and the last two verses:

Flash out a stream of blood red wine,
For I would drink to other days;
And brighter shall their memory shine,
Seen flaming through its crimson blaze.
The roses die, the summers fade;
But every ghost of boyhood's dream
By nature's magic power is laid
To sleep beneath this blood red stream.

It fill'd the purple grapes that lay
And drank the splendors of the sun
Where the long summer's cloudless day
Is mirrored in the bright Garonne;
It pictures still the bacchant shapes
That saw their hoarded sunlight shed—
The maidens dancing on the grapes—
Their milk white ankles splashed with red.

Beneath these waves of crimson lie,
In rosy fetters prison'd fast,
The flitting shapes that never die,
The swift-wing'd visions of the past.
Kiss but the crystal's mystic rim,
Each shadow rends its flowery chain,
Springs in a bubble from its brim,
And walks the chambers of the brain.

. . . . . .

Here, clad in burning robes, are laid
Life's blossomed joys, untimely shed;
And here those cherished forms have strayed
We miss awhile, and call them dead.
What wizard fills the maddening glass?
What soil the enchanted clusters grew,
That buried passions wake and pass
In headed drops of fiery dew?

Nay, take the cup of blood-red wine—
Our hearts can boast a warmer glow,
Fill'd with a vintage more divine,
Calm'd but not chilled by winter's snow.
To-night the palest wave we sip
Rich as the priceless draught shall be
That wet the bride of Cana's lip—
The wedding wine of Galilee!

The drinking song, proper, is a relic of drinking days, which are perhaps well over, but no matter how temperate we may be in views and practice, what pleasant relics the old drinking songs are!

H. W. C.

Told by the Envelops.

Some persons claim that character discloses itself to the observing from the outside of an envelope, and although the assertion seems decidedly far fetched, there is more than a grain of truth in it after all. It all depends, however, on that clause "to the observing." If one stops an instant to think, a blurred or blotted address suggests that the writer must have a good deal of "don't care" in his make; if the contrary were the case and an accidental blotting of his envelope had occurred, it would have been destroyed and a clean one taken its place. If letters come habitually from one person and habitually blurred and slovenly in their address, it argues a certain slovenliness in character.

If the penmanship is a quick, careless, dashy hand, it suggests that the writer is of a quick, nervous temperament, while if the writing itself is hurried to slovenliness it discloses lack of system, an individual always in a hurry. A running hand, small and concise, bespeaks the collegiate, accustomed to taking notes at lectures; a round, full hand, a public school education with Spencerian teaching in writing; a very angular up-and-down hand hints at the writer's great imitative powers, for that is never natural; a very bold, dashing style argues individuality, and a peculiar hand—originality with strength of character, especially if the peculiarity in the chirography is not pleasing. If it is a labored hand it means one of two things, either lack of practice—perhaps in early education—or a very careful, painstaking individual. If it is, however, a particularly careful, round, even, beautiful hand, it argues vanity, for the writer has evidently been praised for his penmanship and likes praise. If it is a neat, pleasing address, believe in the person's good opinion of you, for he does his best in writing you. If it only pleases you because it is conventional, neat and good form, believe in his general good breeding and education, for his writing is like the smile on the face of a society woman. Again, if the chirography be almost illegible never ask the writer to do you a favor; he would not bother himself to be nice to anyone.

As for the envelope itself, if a plain, ordinary affair, it means, not as might be supposed, poverty of purse, but either poverty of cultivation or the filling of so chance a need, and the letter itself will reveal that it is a borrowed article and its use a case of it or none at all. If the envelope be pictured or tinted you may doubt the owner's good taste, while if it have a monogram or crest you can be sure it indicates pride or self-esteem. If it be something unique and novel in design, a very pink and sky-blue, or very broad and square, look out for the gushing maid—at this season of the year "the summer girl."

Of course the summer girl is extremely particular about her stationery and takes with her the very latest fads or nothing at all; she is prone to fancy something a trifle newer than the conventional cream white heavy or linen paper. Perhaps the very latest thing she can get is the paper in deep heliotrope and blue tones stamped with a clover leaf in one corner, with a finish that gives to the clover the glisten of satin. Accompanying this she must have a sweet grass box to hold the paper, and a dear little pen-wiper in the shape of a clover leaf and made of flannel; the whole thing somehow made to suggest new-mown hay and of innocence.

If one is simply sighing for tinted paper the shades of pale gray and yellow with the address stamped in silver are the only desirable things to be used, but a good sensible sticking to a good sensible conventionality of paper is highly satisfactory. The address is the only thing that is now stamped upon one's paper by those who study good form in everything, the envelope accompanying it being plain.

A woman who looks after her letter paper and watches that her supply does not exhaust itself, and her needs require her to take up with anything *pro tem.*, adds one admirable quality to the list of daintiness which should make up her individuality. Precise, dainty ways are acquired charms which should not be sneered at.—*Chicago Herald.*

The Trials in an Ordinary Courtship.

A great many people marry.

A great many people want to marry who do not succeed.

Marriage is a lottery, marriage is a failure, witnesses tell us, but still the wedlock business goes right on, and nobody seems to be afraid.

But did you ever stop to consider how many and varied are the trials in even an ordinary courtship?

The young man who fixes his affections on a young lady, ought to be full of courage, and to be possessed of a heart of brass.

The suspense he suffers while she is making up her mind is something dreadful! It takes away his appetite—it pales his cheek—it makes him a fiend to his washerwoman if his collars are not properly starched—though why a young lady should care whether a young gentleman's collars were starched stiff as a board, or limber as a dish-cloth, we never could understand. He is melancholy, or buoyant, just as she happens to smile on him; he is ready for an early grave, or prepared to conquer the whole world, as the case may be—it is all just as she wills! He tosses on a sleepless pillow all night, and exhausts the patience of his women folks by lying abed the next morning to sleep it off.

He looks at the moon, and sits out in the damp night air with her, to listen to the melody of the melancholy whip poor-will, and lays the foundation for rheumatism or bronchitis. He doesn't care a cent for pale-faced, lily, lifeless that once he worshiped, rusts against the wall. What is a bicycle to him, now? She can't ride it!

Perplexing and soul harrowing conundrums tear his brain. Will she accept him? Does she love him? Does she care for Jones? Can't she see how red Jones' hair is? Has she noticed that Smith's mustache is dyed? What will her father say? It is true that her mother fancies Jones? If so, would he be justified in shooting Jones? Can he afford the money for a diamond engagement-ring? Does she admire the perfume he uses? Will she ever be his? Where shall their wedding trip be? Will they keep house? How many times ought he to propose before he gets discouraged? Is it true that a woman means yes when she says no?

He is wretched when she dances with another man. He has murder in his heart when she revives by with her city cousin. He would die for the privilege of being her pug dog which she holds on her lap and kisses. The iron enters his soul when she declines his ice cream, and takes clam chowder with Jones. Confound Jones! How he would like to try the slow and lingering torture of an electric execution on him.

He writes scores of love-letters to her, and tears them up. One good lover is a mine of wealth to the stationer in his town. Better than two lawyers and one doctor.

He vows he will never go near her again. Let her eat chowder with Jones if she wants to! Let her eat it till the crash of doom, for what he cares! What's to hinder?

He will ignore woman henceforth! Yes, sir! No more of the false, fickle sex for him! If she should kneel at his feet, and beg for the hair his barber clipped off to-day, he would refuse her! If she lay dying he would not go to her bedside and tell her that he forgave her!

He will cast himself into the deep, dark, slowly flowing river, and to-morrow he will be fished out, with weeds in his hair and the pallor of death on his brow and then—ah, then! she will feel the undying remorse of

But just then he meets her, rosy and fresh as the morning, all blushes, and smiles, and tenderness. She lays her hand on his arm, and lift her soft eyes to his face, and the whole world changes! The leaden skies are painted with gold! the wailing wind changes to a pæn of victory in the tree-tops! The dismal river which was to drown him a moment ago, becomes a sparkling current of life and beauty—the earth puts on a glory that is from Heaven above, and all because she has smiled on him, and is not eating chowder with Jones any more!—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Wise Words.

I beg you to take courage: the brave soul can mend even disaster.

Before great victories can be enjoyed great battles must be fought.

It is not so much what a man does as what he loves that decides his destiny.

Avarice is like a churchyard: it takes all that it can get and gives nothing back.

Gratitude flows freely for things received. It is harder to give thanks for that withheld.

Strong minds, like hardy evergreens, are most verdant in winter, when feeble ones, like tender summer plants, are leafless.

He who is truly at peace with himself never suspects others of evil. But he who is ill at ease and discontented is disturbed by suspicions.

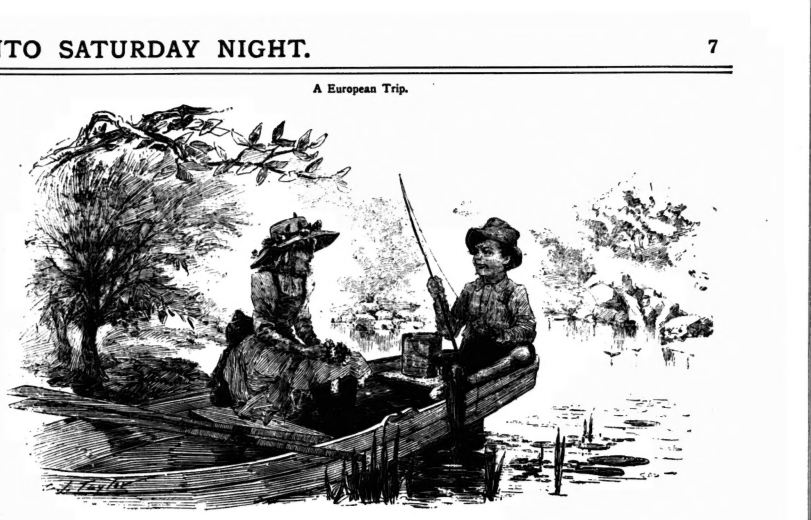
By examining the tongue of a patient, physicians find out the disease of the body; and philosophers the disease of the mind and heart.

Labor is life; successful labor is life and gladness; and successful labor with high aims and just objects brings the fullest, truest and happiest life that can be lived upon the earth.

They are ill discoverers that think there is no land, when they can see nothing but sea. Because it is silly to believe everything, there are some so wondrously wise as to believe nothing.

Precepts are useful, but practice and imitation go far beyond them; hence the importance of watching early habits, that they may be free from what is objectionable, and of keeping before our mind as much as possible the necessity of imitating the good and the wise.

A European Trip.



Little City Girl—Do you call this a big pond?
Little Country Boy—Yes; don't you?
Little Girl—No; but I've been across the ocean, you know.
Little Boy—Yes, I know; it's blue on the map.
Little Girl—It's lots of fun.
Little Boy—How?
Little Girl—Well, you go on a big ship, and then you get awfully sick.
Little Boy—That's no fun.
Little Girl—Yes; but I got better and mama kept sick.
Little Boy—That's not so bad.
Little Girl—And then papa and I stayed down in the smoking room, and I watched him play with the chips.
Little Boy—Oh, pooh! Men don't play with chips.
Little Girl—Yes, they do on board ship; red and blue and white chips; and when papa had lots of them he was as good as anything, and he'd stroke my hair and call me his mascot.
Little Boy—What's that?
Little Girl—I don't quite know; but it was something nice. Then when he hadn't so many, he'd say: "Run away; don't bother."
Little Boy—Well!
Little Girl—Well, and then we got to London, and papa and I didn't like it a bit; but sister Nell said the fog was good for the complexion, and brother Tom got a pair of trousers like a horse blanket.
Little Boy—Oh, my!
Little Girl—Yes; and mama said they were "very English," and Nell said they were "awfully awell."
Little Boy—And what did your papa say?
Little Girl—Oh, he said they were loud enough to be heard a block away.
Little Boy—How funny!
Little Girl—Yes, rather; but it wasn't funny the night papa and mama had such a dreadful row.
Little Boy—Whew!
Little Girl—You see, mama wanted papa to go to a place called the Legation, and get somebody there to have sister Nell presented. I don't know what that means; but it was something Nell wanted awfully.
Little Boy—And wouldn't he do it?
Little Girl—No; he said he'd be doggoned if he would; and mama cried, and papa put his hands in his pockets, and walked up and down, and said he was a free-born American citizen, and no man, or woman, either, was his better, and he didn't propose to truckle to royalty, or have his family, either; and he said he was ashamed of mama and Nell, who were a perfect pair of toads; only he didn't want to be rude, you know, and he said "toadies."
Little Boy—I'd like to been there.
Little Girl—Yes; and then papa went down and quarreled with the hotel man, and we came away.
Little Boy—What was that for?
Little Girl—Oh, you always have to quarrel with the hotel man in Europe, to save your teeth, you know.
Little Boy—What?
Little Girl—Yes; papa said if you didn't fight them at every turn, they'd cheat you out of your eye-teeth. I know they didn't get his, though, for he never forgot.
Little Boy—And was that all?
Little Girl—Oh, my, no! We went to lots more places where there were pictures and churches, and mama and Nell went to see everything, and said it was all very dull and fatiguing, but it was the thing. You have to do that in Europe.
Little Boy—What?
Little Girl (severely)—The thing, always. And by-and-by we came home, and papa played with the chips some more, and mama and Nell talked all the time about getting things through.
Little Boy—What was that?
Little Girl—Well, I don't know; but I think it meant sewing lace inside the lining of your sealskin sacque, and trying on kid gloves.
Little Boy—Oh!
Little Girl—Yes; and just before we got to New York all the gentlemen came on deck and watched for the pilot boat; and some of them said "hurrah!" when they saw it, but papa didn't; he said, "just my confounded luck," and looked awful cross.
Little Boy—Why?
Little Girl—Oh, I don't know. And then we landed, and mama let me wear a lot of pretty rings and bracelets to come off the ship, and papa told her and sister Nell that he hoped they hadn't been up to any woman's tricks about smuggling; and then he got awful red in the face when a man asked him if he generally wore his diamond studs screwed into his boot-tops.
Little Boy—What else?
Little Girl—Nothing much; only next day sister Nell said she was glad she'd been abroad, because she'd got such a stock of small talk laid in; and papa said he'd paid a large price for it; and mama said she'd economize, and send me up here to Aunt Judith, where schooling is cheap and I wouldn't need any new clothes.—*Puck.*

Cabinet Photos $1.00 per dozen at Notman & Fraser's, 17 King St. East.

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

"I MUST FIND HER—I MUST FOLLOW HER."

This thrilling and unexpected announcement was electrical in its results.

Mrs. Mencke gave vent to a shriek of horror, and sank, weak and trembling, upon a chair, while her husband gazed at the young man with a look of blank astonishment and dismay; indeed, for the moment he seemed almost paralyzed by the astounding declaration, for if Violet was indeed Wallace's wife, he and his wife had been criminally guilty in trying to drive her into a marriage with Lord Cameron, and in view of what the consequences might have been had their scheme succeeded and Violet had lived, he had every reason to feel appalled.

Lady Cameron, also realizing all this, bowed her blanched face upon her hands and sat quivering as if with the ague. What a terrible fate had been spared her son; but at what a fearful cost!

Lord Cameron alone betrayed no surprise, made no comment, though he still remained as colorless as when Wallace had first revealed his identity; while he stood regarding the young man with a sad, pitying look, for he saw that Wallace did not dream what they had to tell him—had not even noticed that they spoke of her in the past tense or that Mrs. Mencke was clad in deep mourning.

There was an oppressive silence in the room for the space of three or four minutes; then Wilhelm Mencke started forward, his phlegmatic nature for once all abroad.

"It is an infernal lie!" he cried, shaking his massive fist before Wallace's face; "all an infernal lie, I tell you, made up for the occasion, with the design, perhaps, of gaining her money. But you'll find, my would-be-smart young man, that you have tackled the wrong parties this time.

Wallace made no verbal reply to this coarse outbreak, but, quietly slipping one hand within a breast-pocket, he drew forth a folded paper, which he opened and held before the man.

"Read," he said, briefly.

With rapidly fading color, with eyes that grew round and wide, with mingled conviction and dismay, Wilhelm Mencke read the marriage certificate, which proved that Wallace Hamilton Richardson and Violet Vane Darlington had been legally united, by a well-known clergyman of Cincinnati, about three weeks previous to the sailing of the young girl for Europe.

The man knew it was the truth, and this conviction was plainly stamped upon his face as he read; but he was so enraged by the fact, and also by the secret fear that Wallace might make him some trouble pecuniarily, that he lost control of his temper and reason.

A coarse, savage oath escaped him, and then he cried out, as he grew crimson with passion:

"It is a—— forgery, cleverly executed for the purpose of gaining his own ends."

Lord Cameron colored and drew himself up with dignity, while he remared, with marked displeasure:

"Mr. Mencke, allow me to request you to refrain from profanity in the presence of my mother."

"Beg pardon, your lordship," said Mencke, looking somewhat abashed, "but I am so upset by this blamed trick that I forgot myself entirely."

"It is no trick, sir—it is the truth," quietly returned Vane Cameron.

"What do you mean, Lord Cameron? How can you know anything about it?" cried Mrs. Mencke, forgetting, for the moment, her weakness and agitation in her surprise at his positive declaration.

"Violet told me—she confided the fact of her marriage to me," he calmly returned.

"She told you!" Wallace exclaimed, face lighting, his voice dropping to a tender cadence, as he began to realize how true Violet had been to him, in spite of her apparent faithlessness.

"Yes, when I asked her to become my wife," replied his lordship; then he added, "But sit down, Mr. Richardson, and let us freely discuss the matter, so that you can clearly understand it."

Vane rolled forward a comfortable chair for his visitor, a sad deference to his manner, which betrayed how strongly his sympathies were enlisted for the young man, who still had no suspicion of the sad news in store for him. He then seated himself near him and proceeded to relate all that had occurred in connection with his proposed marriage with Violet.

He would not tell him that the ceremony had never taken place, for Wallace was still greatly excited, and he felt that his news must be all broken to him gradually, or he would be completely unnerved.

"Evidently you have not learned that Miss Huntington was very ill for several weeks in London," he began.

"No," Wallace said, with a start.

"Yes, she was very sick with brain fever. The attack was caused by reading this manuscript, your death, and for a month her life was nearly despaired of. When she began to recover, her physician recommended that she be brought to Mentone for a change, and Mrs. Mencke acted immediately upon his advice. Just previous to her illness I had confided my feelings to Mrs. Mencke, and solicited her opinion as to my dress her sister. It was freely given, but, of course, I could not avail myself of it while Miss Huntington was so ill, and it was arranged—without her knowledge, I have since learned—that I was to follow her hither when she should have gained somewhat in strength. She had been here about a month when I received word that I might come. A few days later I was granted an interview, during which I confessed my affection and asked her to become my wife.

"She told me frankly at once that she did not love me well enough to marry me, and then, with sudden impulse, asked if I was slight make a confession—might open her whole heart to me. Of course this request was readily granted, and she then told me of her love for you, Mr. Richardson, how it had originated, and how, when "—bending a grave look upon Mrs. Mencke and Wilhelm, who had pressed and alarmed by the fear of being sent away from home and deprived of her liberty, she had begged you to advise her what to do, and you told her that the only safe course that you could throw around her would be to make her your wife——"

"Her ?" Wallace here interrupted. "Violet had been threatened with being sent to a convent unless she would promise to cast me off. Such a fate seemed to possess excessive terrors for her, and, being fully convinced that nothing could change our affection for each other, I suggested that we should be privately married, and that if we should be deprived of her liberty, it would be in my power to aid her by claiming her as my wife."

"Yes, that was what she told me in substance," said Lord Cameron. "She stated that you were married, but that you did not propose to claim her, because of the opposition of her friends, until a year or two should elapse and you were in a better position to make a home a home for her; that you advised her to travel and see all of the world that was possible while you pursued your profession. Then came your separation, and she made no secret of the unhappiness that this caused her, or of her absorbing affection for you, and she spoke of the intense anxiety that she experienced because she received no letters from you after leaving home."

Surely Lord Cameron, with his usual noble self-abnegation, was doing all in his power to soothe Wallace's wounded heart and prepare him for the trial before him.

"But I wrote twice every week for more than two months," Wallace here interposed, "without receiving a single letter from her. This fact also we doubtless owe to the sinister interposition that has been so vigilant and active regarding her welfare," he concluded, bitterly.

"Her grief and despair over your supposed death," continued the young earl, "was too deep for expression, and she said that life seemed hardly worth the living. She told me that she dared not become my wife, feeling thus; that her heart was dead, her dream of life was over, and she would not wrong me by giving me the ashes of her love in return for the devotion I offered her.

Lord Cameron paused a moment here, as if the memory of that never-to-be-forgotten interview was too much for him; but presently he controlled himself, and went on:

"I take upon myself all the blame for what followed," he said, "for I still urged her to give herself to me. I knew she was not happy and that she was still weak from her illness and weary of travel, and longed for rest and quiet. I told her I would be content if she would but allow me to throw around her the protection of my name and love, and let me take her, just as she was, into my heart and home. Her answer was 'I dare not, and yet——' That simple qualification made my heart bound, for I accepted it as a sign of yielding.

"And yet you want to—you will?" I said, assuring that that was what she meant, and as I clasped her hand to seal the compact, I saw that she had fainted. Later, her sister came to me and said that it was all right—that Violet had said she would marry me. Of course I was elated, for I believed that I should win her in time—that eventually she must yield to my love and devotion, and that her wounded heart should have a chance to heal, and I was satisfied to take her thus, even though she had frankly said she could never love me as a wife should love her husband. Still, as time passed, I began to fear that she regretted her promise, and during an interview with her, on the evening previous to the day set for our marriage, I was deeply pained and troubled by her manner and a certain wretchedness which she could not conceal. But I reasoned that when the wedding was once over, and we were quietly settled in our home, she would gradually grow content."

Wallace had listened thus far with absorbing interest. At times, when Lord Cameron spoke of Violet's faithfulness to and love for him, of her despairing grief, her wretchedness and fear, and her reluctance to become the wife of another, his face would light up for an instant or grow tender with love, as his emotions moved him; but gradually, as the narrator drew near the end of his tale, he grew nervous and restless, the tense lines of pain settled again about his mouth, his eyes grew dark and tragedy in expression, while the spasmodic twitching of his nerves could be plainly seen by every one in the room.

"When once the wedding was over," he interposed, hoarsely, at this point of the story; "that was a month ago—to-day—was it?"

"Yes, that was the date set for the ceremony," Vane Cameron responded, with a sinking heart, as he bent a pitying look upon the young and terribly stricken husband.

Bitter as his own grief and disappointment had been when he lost Violet, they now seemed to dwindle into nothing in comparison with Wallace's greater suffering and more terrible tidings which he yet had to reveal to him. His heart sank with a sickening dread; no duty had ever seemed so hard to him.

"I—I read a notice of it in a Cincinnati paper, and I started for England at once—" Wallace gasped, excitedly.

"You started at once!" said Lord Cameron, surprised. "It was announced a month previous."

"I know—I know; but I did not get the paper for some time after," was the agitated reply. "At the time Violet left for Europe I was called to Cincinnati to consult with an architect about going into partnership with him and accepting an important contract. The partnership was consummated, the contract accepted, and I have been in New York ever since. This was why I did not get the news earlier—it was a mere chance that I got it at all. The paper stated that you were to start immediately for your residence on the Isle of Wight, consequently I went directly there, thus losing much more time. But—I cannot stop for all these details now," the young man cried, with a ghastly face, the perspiration standing in great beads upon his brow, while he was terribly excited. "Of course Violet is not your wife, even though ten thousand ceremonies were performed over you. She is mine—mine! Oh, Heaven, am I going mad? Where is she? Tell me—tell me! Why are you still here? Why did you not go to the Isle of Wight? Why do you not speak! Why do you keep me in such suspense?

It was dreadful to look upon him, and no pen can portray the anguish that was written upon his noble countenance, that vibrated in his hoarse quivering tones.

"We—did not go, because—that marriage ceremony never took place," said Lord Cameron, speaking gravely, but inwardly quaking over what he must tell him next.

Wallace sprang to his feet, a thrilling cry of joy bursting from him.

"Never took place!" he repeated, panting for breath. "Thank Heaven! Violet, my love! you are still my own! Oh, say it again—say those blessed words again!"

"Be calm, I beseech you, Mr. Richardson," said Lord Cameron, pitifully, while convulsive sobs broke from Lady Isabel; "do not allow yourself to become so unnerved and you shall learn all. I told you, if you remember, that Violet—may do not frown when I speak of her thus," the noble young man gently interposed, as Wallace's brow grew dark, to hear that loved name spoken so familiarly from his lips, "for had I known the truth I would have accounted to wrong either of you by even a confession of my love. But I told you that she appeared strangely during my last interview with her. I offered her a caress—I told you this," he interposed, a crimson flush mounting to his brow, "for I wished to give her the comfort possible in knowing how wholly her heart belonged to you—and she shrank from me in pain, if not with absolute loathing. Later on, during the same evening, she came to my room for a few minutes, and she made some remarks which seemed very strange at the time, but which were fully comprehended later; for the next morning when her sister went to her room, to help her prepare for her bridal, she was not there. She had gone—left the house and the place, and no one knew whither."

A cry of mingled thankfulness and anxiety broke from Wallace at this, and his sorely tried nerves, so long strung to their utmost tension, gave way, and sob after sob burst from his overcharged heart as he sank weakly back in his chair.

It was a pitiful sight to see that brave, strong young man weep thus over the discovery of the faithfulness of his loved one.

It was almost more than Lord Cameron could bear and retain his composure, while Lady Cameron wept unrestrainedly.

Wilhelm Mencke and his wife sat stolidly by viewing this affecting sight, one racked with feelings of mingled anger, guilt, and remorse, the other uneasily considering the chances of trouble for himself regarding the disposition of Violet's fortune.

But Wallace soon mastered his emotion; he was not one to remain long inactive when there was anything to be done.

"My faithful, true-hearted little wife!" he murmured, as he dashed aside his tears, new hope and courage already glowing on his face, "her love and instinct were stronger than the force of circumstances. But," starting again to his feet, "I must find her; I must follow her to the ends of the earth, if need be, and when I do find her, as I surely shall,"—with a stern glance at Mr. and Mrs. Mencke, "nothing save death shall ever separate us again."

A chill ran over every listener at these confident words, and an ominous silence fell over the shrinking group.

"Have you any idea whither she went? Has any one tried to follow her?" Wallace asked, turning to Lord Cameron, and wondering why he should look so ghastly; why Lady Cameron's sobs should have burst forth again with renewed violence.

"Every possible effort was made to find her; day after day we have searched for her," began his lordship, falteringly.

"And you have learned nothing—gained no clew?" impatiently demanded the anxious young husband.

"Nothing—until the day before yesterday."

"Ah! then you have news at last!" cried Wallace, eagerly. "Tell me!—tell me!—what have you learned?"

"Heaven help me! how can I tell you!" exclaimed Lord Cameron, in an agonized tone. Then with a great effort for self-control he solemnly added:

"Mr. Richardson, be brave—Violet is dead! —drowned! we found her two days ago. She doubtless missed her footing during her flight in the night, and fell into the sea."

But these last words fell on unheeding ears, for when Lord Cameron said that she was "dead"—"drowned"—Wallace had cast one horrified, despairing look around upon those white, hopeless faces, and then, without a word or cry, as if smitten by some mighty unseen power, he fell forward on his face and lay like a log upon the floor, at Vane Cameron's feet.

(To be Continued.)

Sunshine.

Sir Arthur Helps, in his delightful volume Companions of My Solitude, tells us that his summer happiness in a pine wood, where he fell into the pleasantest train of thought and enjoyed a sense of ease which seemed to show the possibility of all care being driven away from the world some day. And he adds, "It was very warm, without which nothing is beautiful to me."

I suppose the comparative rarity of warmth and sunshine makes them all the dearer to us in this shivery and wayward climate, and Sir Arthur expresses a feeling with which most of my readers will sympathize. Not all, indeed. One meets sometimes, even in England, with men and women who seem to have a grudge against the sun. No sooner does that kindest of friends put forth a little genial power than these good people appear to be as restless and uncomfortable as the polar bear in the Zoo. They walk upon the shady side of the road as though they feared a sunstroke, and the emphasis of their expressions could be too strong if they lived in Calcutta or Hong-Kong.

No doubt, in torrid climates the traveler will often say with literal truth what Hamlet said metaphorically, that he is too much in the sun. Scorching heat is as intolerable, or nearly so, to the chilliest chilling of the wintry wind, and life in an African desert is as unpleasant as life on an iceberg. Even in this country, in which a fire is often needed at midsummer—I am sitting now in this rainy month of June—the sun has been known to put forth unwonted power, laborers in the field have died, fine ladies have gasped upon sofas, and land has glowed like a furnace. "Such warmth," to quote the rather tumid language of Thomson, "blasts Fancy's blooms and withers even the soul;" and he adds, "with some measure of truth and more of poetical license, that in this heat "distressful Nature pants," that "the very streams languish from all their flowery banks," and from pole to pole is undistinguished blaze." No doubt England has witnessed such heat, just as in 1703 it was the witness of a tempest that swept away large mansions, buried cities beneath the ruins of his palace, and destroyed hundreds of lives; but scorching blasts are as rare in this climate as tropical hurricanes are a man may live a long life without suffering from either. It is the want of sunshine, and then the excess of it, that marks our islands. How much, I wonder, of the chronic discontent of Ireland is due to legislation past or present, and how much to a damp atmosphere and a cloudy sky!

The Spaniards, who have a proverb, "That which keeps out the cold keeps out the heat," wear their cloaks in summer, and we, for a different reason, can rarely, for many weeks together, wear light clothing. Scarcely have we thrown off winter garments—never more needed than in spring—before we have to resume them again, so chary is the sun of his favors. That is why, when sunshine does come, we should open our hearts and windows to it. In the physical as in the spiritual world, light is essential to life, and the more we have of it the better. Yet, too commonly, we shut it out from our souls in worldliness, and from our houses by Venetian blinds.

It is my belief that many a brave deed and many a work of imagination owe its conception to the stimulating and joyous influence of sunshine. On a glad day in summer the spirit of joy is everywhere—the spirit, too, of aspiration, and "we feel that we are greater than we know." Burton says a good prospect will ease melancholy; but he might have added that the most delight, and I think he will have added, dependent upon sunshine. Let the reader recall the landscapes that have given him the most delight, and I think he will remember that they are never associated with dull days. The serene and restful beauty of nature under a summer sky is very different from the same nature when surveyed in a vacinitous and beneath the shelter of an umbrella! A pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun, said a wise author of old, and the poets have reiterated this truth times without number. But we prose-born folk, whom the gods have not made poetical, may be as susceptible to the delights of sunshine as the versemen who commemorate them. Possibly it is to our advantage that we are dumb and cannot sing. Poets inspired by the sun should possess, one might imagine, lucidity and strength; but there are some young poets nowadays so feebly incoherent and foolishly obscure that they appear to be under lunar influences.

When Milton lost his sight he prayed that the Celestial Light might shine inward and all his powers enlighten. And this reminds me that there is what another poet calls a "sunshine of the breast," which can make our homes happy when the shadows of life deepen and the heart craves after more than Nature, with all her riches, is able to supply:

Its that has light within his own clear breast
May sit in the center and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun:
Himself is his own dungeon.

—Illustrated News of the World.

Love is Blind.

He praised her lovely, golden hair
And eyes of mournful gray,
But when he asked her to be his
She firmly said, "Nay, nay."

He now declares those eyes of gray
Aren't much made, and that head
Of lovely, shining, golden hair
Is a "muddy shade of red."

—New York Herald.

Wanted a Change.

Mr. Boxseat—Holiday to-morrow, have you? Then I suppose you'll be taking your wife out for a drive?

The Coachman—Drive! lor, no, sir; not me! Did you ever hear of a postman as took his mails for a walk on Sunday!

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," Saturday Night Office.]

Gypsum and Irene.—See Man.

Lily of the Valley.—See Rowena.

Lenette.—Energy, impulse, perseverance and self-esteem.

Amorah.—Generosity, candor, much tenderness and self-will.

Elma.—Gaiety, thoughtlessness, fondness for display and indecision.

White Carnation.—Energy, decision, perseverance and carelessness.

Mat.—Decisive, kind-hearted, generous, flippant, a little cross, but sincere.

A. J. Richardson.—They are essentially the same. Pride, importance, tact and industry.

Walter, Hamilton.—Your writing displays a firm will, cheerfulness, vanity, perseverance and caution.

N. J. H.—You are self-sufficient, earnest in your undertakings, a little ostentatious and very self-reliant.

Vera, Prescott.—Your handwriting denotes uns-tlfishness, intuitive judgment, sincerity and determination.

F. O. B., Council Bluffs, Ia.—Your writing indicates ambition, self-esteem, energy, business ability and perseverance.

Lucia.—Your writing is indicative of ha its of thought, great judgment, an ostentatious nature, kindness of heart and sincerity.

Constance.—Your writing shows a nice sense of order and excellent taste, a deftness of finger and much candor and sensitiveness.

Rowena, Winnipeg.—Your writing shows decision, ambitiousness, originality, candor and pride. Many thanks for your kind wishes.

Duchess.—What a splendid quotation you used. The writing shows practical ability, determination, excellent tact and self-reliance.

Marjorie D.—You are doubtless enterprising, ambitious, little flippant, and are possessed of considerable determination, self-reliance and vanity.

Minus.—No. 1. Generosity, impetuous temperament, impatience, rather happy disposition, good judgment. No. 2. Order, decision, cheerfulness, sympathy and affection.

Scarlet Runner.—Your writing betrays suspicion, reserve, a little self-shness, some ambition and justice. The specimen you enclose displays sympathy, strong will, tenderness, order and cheerfulness.

Winnie, Muskoka.—The best plan would be to advertise for the postage stamps. I will find out about the silk worms for you. Your writing shows animation, industry, impatience, suspicion and self-esteem.

G. Mac.—Dear me! Why did you not go on with the quotation. Your stanza is very good, however, is perhaps the prettiest of the poem. You are eccentric in manner and speech, cautious in large undertakings, sincere and wilful.

Patience.—Your assumed name and the description of your curiosity are a little at variance. Do you not think so? Your writing displays a kind, candid, a little of moving, an energetic mind, much tenderness and some self-esteem.

Rhoda.—What an ogre I must be! Do you seriously think I am over fifty and gray haired? I trust you will excuse my laughing at you. Your writing whispers to me of caselfiness in details, strong self-will, self-reliance, cheerfulness and decision.

Mercutio, Belleville says he does not hesitate to p ace his handwriting "in the crucible of your criticism." Whew! Won't I melt in down well! Your writing shows thoughtfulness, amiability, much tact, a little self-will, a good deal of tenderness beneath it, a fine sense of justice, and a large amount of self-esteem.

Pomeroy.—Your "kindly state candidly" amused me exceedingly. As a rule I believe those who have honored me with their writing for dissection have manipulated of my candor and habit of employing very plain English. Your writing shows self-esteem, a nervous temperament of the apprehensive type, much kindness of heart and good judgment.

Catherine de Medicis.—You wrote me before, and I have been trying to discover the book which would suit you. I will let you know about the histories next week Magazine stories and sketches are well-adapted for warm weather, but I have not time to prepare them, by all means, and if you have not read the essays of Elia you will enjoy them, I think.

Max.—The invitation indicated a desire to set formality aside, and if you care for the person by all means call, for ladies have generally more attractive at fault in continued cases. 2 I scarcely know about the teaching, but you would be safe in attempting it if you like it. Your writing shows firmness, a romantic disposition, some self-esteem, and cheerfulness.

Fire-a-head.—What jolly times you must have at tenis, for I am sure that a girl of your disposition would enjoy it very thoroughly. Your writing shows a merry, careless, manly nature, with much generosity, and a little much gen rosity. Do not be so flippant and fickle and you will find yourself a more pleasing companion to others and be a very comfortable friend to your own self.

Erine.—You wrote me a very delightful letter and I thank you heartily for your earnest kindliness. Your writing indicates order, thrift, patience, good-nature, decision and charity. I will endeavor to answer your other questions next week, but I am not sure I can get the exact figures. Yes, I shall be pleased to hear from you again, and glad you like your work and wish you all success.

Max.—Reserve, candor and selfishness. If the stranger is a man you pass in before entering it a woman, I would allow her to precede you. A man allows his guest to precede him whether a gentleman or a lady. 2. It depends on the time and place. Sometimes it is awkward for one to remain, and occasionally unpleasant to go on. Allow circumstances and delicacy of feeling to dictate to you.

Marguerite.—If you write me again will you please use another name, for I have a Marguerite correspondent. 2. Rosemary, I think, is a very fine name. Your writing shows a generous, candid, a little flippant and fickle and you will find yourself a more pleasing companion to others and be a very comfortable friend to your own self.

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Ruthmore, Elmwood.—Certainly, thank the gentleman—as lovers do not thank one. 2. About the wedding—go by all means. The number of guests is likely to be limited on this occasion, you know. Yes, I can respect different from social entertainment. 3. Do not overwrite freely in the first place, then you will have no trouble as regards the meeting after. I am glad to write to you and I fully appreciate your earnest endeavor to do what is right. I can fully sym pathize with you, and will be very much pleased to hear from you again at any time.

Sunshine, Deer Park.—What do I think of you? Well, little Miss Sunshine, I am of the opinion that you are a little retiring, very fond of composition, very tender-hearted, fire of speech, sincere, warm-tempered and perseering to such a degree that people may say you are obstinate. I scarcely know what to advise you to read, for I do not know what you have read. I am very fond of Scott's novels, but many are character-forming you had best write me again and tell me more about your past reading. I shall be glad to help you in my way I shall be glad to hear from you.

Blind Fate.—The forehead shows good intention, the eyebrows petulance and jealousy, the eyes earnestness and self-reliance, the nose tact, the lips sensitiveness, delicacy of feeling and determination, the chin self-will and self-reliance, the ears generosity. The face is that of a capable woman, a woman who has had considerable adverse circumstances until a little of the sweetness has left her lips and a very decided expression settled on her forehead. She is undoubtedly worn with care that may be self-assumed, and which is surely better not carried. Shall I hear from you, and do whether you recognize your friend clearly? Have returned the portrait.

Gentianella.—My dear "girl of seventeen," ask your mother, or some good aunt, or grandmother. There is no objection if the circumstances are not unusual. 2. Pensty of massage and exercise will generally tend to keep the hair healthy. If, as I suspect, the scalp is dry, the following lotion will aid the growth of the hair:

Spirits of Sesmarine	1 oz.
Borax	2 dr.
Castor oil	1 oz.
Olive oil	1 oz.
Rose water	8 oz.

If you find it beneficial, I shall be glad if you will let me know. 3. Your writing shows suspicion, reserve, impatience and carelessness, with much sense of the ludicrous. I see also an affectionate nature and a moody disposition.

"Short and sweet," remarked the grocer, as he tied up fifteen ounces of sugar and marked it "One pound."

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CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their more remarkable success has been shown in curing
SICK
Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured
HEADACHE
But
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.
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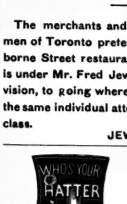

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MAKE THE TRIAL.
It will only cost 25 cents for a box and cannot hurt you.
They do not affect the bowels.

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BLIND FATE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER,

Author of "The Wooing O't," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Wit," &c.

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PART II.—CHAPTER IV.

ANOTHER STRAND IN THE ROPE.

Egerton did not succumb to the fever which brought him near the gate of death. He paused before its fatal threshold, and slowly, certainly, remounted the ascending steps to light and life. His German valet wept tears of delighted surprise when the doctors declared he had taken an unexpected turn for the better.

"The English must have frames and brains of iron," he said, "after such wild raving, such mad self-accusations, such physical suffering, such desperate remedies—to recover both health and sense, it was beyond belief! His master had been a little off his head before he left Fordsea," he told the doctor who was most closely in attendance.

"The day before we came away," added the valet, "my master went out in an open sailing-boat, alone, it came on to blow with sudden heavy showers, and he was drenched through. Then, instead of coming in and changing his wet clothes, he walked away—a long way somewhere. He took a chill then, for he was feverish ever after. The doctor must warn the Herr his master to be prudent, as he has no strength could withstand another such illness."

The man was really attached to Egerton, who was by no means bad to serve. Masterful and impatient, he was generous and kindly to his dependents; obey him and you were sure of consideration; moreover, he had the true instincts of a gentleman, which made him courteous to those he employed, except when greatly exasperated, then he flamed out and let every one know his innate conviction that they were created for his convenience.

Once out of danger, he recovered rapidly, and, after a week or ten days in his chambers, he gathered strength enough to travel north to Netherleigh.

Here, to the surprise of everyone, he invited a shooting-party, and engaged a shooting-coach (a well-known but somewhat indecuous sportsman—to act host, while he himself only joined his friends in the evening.

The pain and suffering he had endured had told upon him, men said. When neither talking nor laughing there was intense gloom in his face, and a wild, distressed expression in his deep, dark eyes. But he talked and laughed a good deal. People seemed to understand, however, in some occult way, that the Fordsea murder was not to be spoken of, and, in spite of first-rate sport, cooking, accommodation—everything—the party was neither lively nor jovial.

Egerton himself generally roused up at night and talked a good deal. He had a positive objection to go to bed, and did his best to induce some man to sit up with him. The guests wondered how he could stand these vigils, when he had so lately thrown off a severe illness.

"You don't give yourself a chance, my good fellow, said his *locum tenens*, Captain Irving. "You may say what you like, but this having a snooze while we are out, but there's no sleep like night sleep, and you'll kill yourself, turning night into day in this fashion. I don't want to step into your shoes yet awhile, I assure you."

"You will, though, one of these days," returned Egerton, thoughtfully. They were sitting over their library fire one wet Sunday afternoon. "I mean you'll have all the land, but I'm not going to leave more than my funded and other cash than may serve to prove my good-will. I have another destination for that."

"Pooh! You'll probably be married before this time two years. Perhaps I shall be assisting at the rejoicings on the birth of a son and heir; by that time, and probably I shall be presiding over the coming-of age dinner when my parish is 'burying me decent,' as old O'Shaughnessy used to say. Did you know O'Shaughnessy? Lord! what a cross-country man he was! Such pluck, such judgment! I believe that sort of Irishman is dying out."

"I never heard of Irishmen being associated with an Irishman before," said Egerton, languidly. "I don't think you have much yourself, Tom."

"No, I don't suppose I have," said Tom, complacently.

"What are you going to do with yourself this winter?"

"Do! Well, I don't know. It has been a very bad season with me, and I'm rather down on my luck."

"I shall be very glad if you will stay on here," said Egerton, indifferently. "I propose remaining—how long I don't know—but the house is at your service as long as you like to stay. There are horses in the stable and birds in the coverts."

"All right. I'm your man. Most of the fellows will be off by the end of the week. Are you going to ask any others?"

"Yes, later on. I want to look after the estate a little, with the agent and bailiff, first."

"Well, Randal, take my advice, and go to bed at a reasonable time. These late habits are positively insane after such an illness as you have had. Nothing is so necessary as rest for a disturbed brain."

"My brain is quiet enough now," returned Egerton. Then he grew silent and abstracted, and his kinsman, seeing he was not disposed to follow the conversation, left the room.

"Not bad quarters," he thought, "for a fellow so nearly cleared out as I am; but Randal ain't exactly a lively companion. He's all wrong since that infernal fever. I wonder if he would lend me a few hundreds! I'll try before I quit. But I'll get the first part of my stay over first."

Egerton continued to gaze at the fire, his brows contracted, an occasional quiver passing over his mouth. His sight, his thoughts, far away. What visions did he see? What pangs rent his heart? Was Conscience stretching him on the terrible rack of the tortures of those who disregard her warnings—who outrage her laws? Was he living over again those moments of delight when the sweet excitement of a new passion—stronger, deeper, heavenlier far than any he had ever known before, perhaps because more hedged in with difficulties, more utterly forbidden than any he had ever felt, gave fresh salt to life, more energy, more vitality to his soul? Was he tracing the course of that rising tide of overwhelming tenderness and desire which finally swept him from all consideration of honor or loyalty, or true regard for the happiness of its object? Was he, then and delight which swelled his heart when he found he could dominate her will, and hold her helpless in his mental grasp.

He was perfect, he was never quite sure of her affection. She had, with almost childlike simplicity, played with the fire of his admiration, and showed an interest in all he said and did, but when he drew nearer still! Why did he not stop in time, why did he yield to that terrible, murderous jealousy of her husband? It was so maddening, so blinding! If he could have persuaded her to leave that sullen, moody tyrant, all might have been well. He would have made her life like a fairy tale of love and happiness. Now all had ended with a hideous crime, of which he only knew the secret—the black, damning secret! If only he had met her when she was free and unshackled, how fair, and sweet, and good their lives would have been! "Am I to blame for what Fate has forced upon me?" he muttered. "I cannot even look on her sweet face for the last horrible memory that comes between me and it." He drew out a small portrait, which resembled the original closely, took one hasty glance, then, having kissed it passionately, he tore it from its case, and thrust it in the fire.

"I must forget, or I cannot live," he said, half aloud. "Here there are no memories of her, but she haunts me. Her eyes, sweet, holy eyes, are always looking into mine. I must live it all down. For her sake the truth must never come out—never! I will occupy myself, and never be alone, and—ah! Damed! I heard you did not intend to get up till Monday morning!" This as one of the men staying in the house sauntered into the room.

"I wish I could have fulfilled the intention, but I have letters to write. The glass is at rain, and it looks to me as if we were going to have beastly weather."

"No, I don't think so. There's a haze on that hill over there, and the keepers will tell you that there are always clear skies and sun shine when old Northfell wears his cap." The other drew his chair to the fire, and Egerton, by some well-directed question, was relieved.

In spite of his ghastly looks Egerton declared himself able to carry a gun next day, and accompanied those of his guests who preferred the moors to the "meet." For Netherleigh boasted both moorland and preserves, but he did not shoot with his usual skill, and before the day was over gladly availed himself of his cousin's suggestion that the dogcart should be sent for, as he felt himself on the verge of fainting from exhaustion.

The visitors told each other in corners out of earshot that Egerton was "devilish queer." "Looks like a galvanized corpse, by Jove!" "Would never be the same man again." "If the chill hadn't come on the top of that awful business at Fordsea, he would have been all right, but the two together were more than most men could bear," observed Irving.

In fact Colonel and Mrs. Callander were so little known in the world of gaiety and fashion, the latter led so home-staying a life that few, if any, of Egerton's companions knew how much time he had spent in the society of the fair young wife and her piquante sister.

Major St. John, indeed, was aware that Egerton had proposed to Dorothy, and suspected that he had been refused by her, as it seemed; but he was not much of a club man. Fortune forbade his visiting London frequently and garrison gossip was not very familiar to him when forming Egerton's society. Later the fact oozed out, but never was fully believed.

Indeed, the Fordsea tragedy ran its usual nine days' course, a little prolonged perhaps, by the reports which cropped up at intervals of attempts to find the foreign assassins who were supposed to have committed the outrage; but a month, six weeks, two months passed, and they were still undiscovered.

Gradually Egerton grew more like his old self, yet not quite the same. He took more interest in the details of his estate, and showed a greater regard for money. His temper, too, was more irritable than formerly. If startled by being suddenly addressed, he would turn with fury on the intruder. His valet told Captain Irving that his delirium was terribly violent and exhausting, though his ravings were on the whole, unintelligible—the impression of the murder was evidently uppermost in his mind, so much so that the poor gentleman repeatedly declared himself guilty of it.

In reply to this Irving ventured that if Egerton had been an unfortunate beggar without a sixpence, he would very likely have been taken up and tried on the strength of his own wandering words.

Letters from Standish reached him occasionally, and afforded him much interest. Paul mentioned the steps taken and the communications made to the English consuls in all ports, directing them to seek for two sailors belonging to the Spanish brig Valoz, and announcing the large reward offered should their arrest lead to the discovery of Mrs. Callander's murderer. He also mentioned that very few hints of intelligence were occasionally received of the colonel's movements, but Standish never mentioned Dorothy.

"No doubt he hears from her often," mused Egerton, as he folded up the last letter he had received. "She never liked me. I wonder why. She did not know she had any reason to dislike me, poor little girl! How steadily she refused to see me since. God knows, she is not more averse to meeting me than I am to encounter her. What does she think? She cannot suspect! I will face her some day and then her eyes will tell me the truth. She has wonderful eyes—not like Mabel's though, Mabel—" these thoughts came clearly enough till he came to that name, and then all was an agony of confusion. He locked away his letter and, whistling to his dogs, walked away to the rectory, where he rejoiced the heart of the worthy rectoress by munificent contributions to the various benevolent schemes patronized by her.

Standish was reluctantly obliged to prolong his absence beyond the time he had hoped to return. Though the mission on which he had been sent was both difficult and delicate, he managed to accomplish it satisfactorily, in spite of the many meddling thoughts he bestowed on his ward. However busy, he always contrived to answer her frequent letters. They had become of the deepest interest to him. She evidently poured out all her heart, all her mind, in them, and he noticed with pleasure that care and affection for her nephew and niece were giving something of color and warmth to her life. The sayings and doings of the children always filled a portion of the letter. "Little Dolly was learning the alphabet, and showed great intelligence. The boy was beginning to speak, which was much sooner, Mrs. M'Hugh said, than the generality of boys.

"She has a motherly heart," thought Standish. "She will be an awful loss to those poor babies when she marries, as I suppose she will. Not too soon, I hope. It is much better for girls not to marry till they are four or five and twenty—that is, let me see, not for nearly six years hence. I wonder if Egerton will ever return to the charge. I hope not, for he might win her; perseverance does so much with women, and somehow I do not fancy Egerton for my dear little Dorothy." Then he smiled at himself. "My Dorothy sounds rather absurd. I do not, certainly, feel like a father to her, no other but a filial sense will she ever be my Dorothy. I always took to her most, but what a different creature Mabel was! I don't wonder that poor Callander is nearly out of his mind at losing her so suddenly, so cruelly—in the room next him, absolutely within reach. It is the most woeful case I ever knew. Thank God, I can get away next week. I long to see my sorrowful ward, and that good soul, Henrietta Oakeley."

In the meantime Henrietta Oakeley was trying the soul of his ward by her restlessness and energy.

While anything was to be done, Miss Oakeley was the most considerate and sympathetic of friends, but to sit down and "bear for fear," or share the quiet occupations, the tranquil monotony, which was gradually calming Dorothy's spirit, and helping her to be resigned, was quite impossible to her. So long as there was loud wailing, profound indignation, active efforts for discovery or revenge to be done, Miss Oakeley was ready to be foremost and untiring. But this active phase over she must supply the vacuum with some fresh activity.

Dorothy had perceived a change in her, an anxiety to induce her depressed companion to go here and there just for a little variety, she said—that she was less interested in the children than at first, though always kind to them. It was therefore no great surprise to her when Miss Oakeley came in after an afternoon spent among shops of Regent and Bond streets one dreary drizzling day early in February, and after kissing her effusively, and describing a lovely doll's house she had bought for Dolly, while she took off her furs, she exclaimed quickly:

"I have been and gone and done something which will not vex you I hope, dear."

"What is it, Henrietta?"

"Well, you see, I met Lady Brinkworth at Howell and James', she is only in town for a few days, and as she was always so kind and attentive to me in Rome, I could not possibly avoid asking her to dinner."

"No, of course, you have a right to ask who you like, I need not dine with you. There is no reason why you should not ask your friends to dine with you."

"But when means appear, Dorothy. I insist on it, it will do you good. You are moping yourself to death, and you know it is quite six months since—since—"

"Not six months, Henrietta. Oh, do not be vexed with me, or think me unkind, but I cannot meet strangers yet, I should be like the skeleton at the feast. It is quite natural you should wish to see your friends, and I would not prevent you, for you have been so kind and good; what should I have done without you! But I cannot ask me to sit down with strangers so soon—so soon."

"But, Dorothy, this is all so morbid and unwise; you are absolutely killing yourself! You do not know how ghastly you look. Mr. Standish will think I have not taken any care of you when he comes, and he will be here soon, from what he says in his last letter. I hear that Major St. John is in town, and I shall ask him. Then old Major Tredenis called the other day; he knows the Brinkworths, and he will make a nice little party of six. I really feel I must see some one! In this quiet, friendly, impromptu way there can be no disrespect."

"Not the least, dear Henrietta, from you. From me it would be quite different, but I do not mind me at all, I can have tea with the children, and a tough book after they have gone to bed; nothing draws me out of myself like a really tough book."

"How extraordinary! When I am miserable nothing comforts me like a thrilling novel—with lots of love in it—a delightful dangerous desperado of a hero, ready to kill off everyone who stands between him and the object of—"

"Oh, hush, Henrietta!" whispered Dorothy, raising her hand before her eyes, as if to shut out some dreadful sight.

"What a stupid, heedless wretch I am to mention such things to you, my poor dear! Do forgive me! It must seem so heartless!" embracing her. "You shall do what you like about the dinner; only I shall be miserable without you. Now I must look out for a sixth, and there is scarcely a soul in town."

"You will find somebody, no doubt."

"I must try. Oh! I had a letter from Mrs. Callander just now. She writes rather gruelously. Some friends of hers met Mr. Standish in Berlin. He was going to leave almost immediately. She asks if we have any news of Herbert. I really do not think he is acting properly towards his mother."

"No, he is not; but one is inclined to forgive him anything. I am quite sorry for Mrs. Callander."

Though Dorothy was too just to feel angry with Miss Oakeley wishing to entertain her friends while the shadow of a tragic crime still lay upon herself and her immediate relatives, the idea was shocking to her.

It seemed to her that she, herself, could never again be as she had been, that the weight could never be lifted off her heart, the nervous horror from her spirit. The idea that had she roused herself when the sleep of mental rest or unrest penetrated through her sleep, she might have saved her sister never left her. This, and the horrible belief that she was the murderer—that she must not denounce him though doubly dyed in guilt, haunted her night and day. Her sleep was broken by distressing dreams. If repose was tolerably calm, she lived over again her childish days of loving dependence on Mabel, and awoke, only to weep freshly bitter tears over her cruel bereavement.

As in the daytime she was quiet and uncomplaining, Henrietta Oakeley—the keen edge already worn off her sincere sorrow—fancied she was recovering her composure, and that soon she would be able to resume her former ways of life.

The day that Miss Oakeley was to receive her friends, Dorothy went out with nurse and the children, keeping away until it was almost dusk. Then, to their great delight, she shared their nursery tea, and assisted to put them to bed. Finally she established herself in a small room, dignified by the name of the library, a pretty, comfortable apartment, with soft, easy chairs, and lit by a moonlight-looking lamp, she drew a seat to the fire and took a volume of essays, but could not fix her attention on it.

The footsteps of the servants as they came to and fro serving the dinner; the idea that life, even the life that touched her own, was returning to its old channels, that the waves of the world were closing over the memory of the sister she loved so well, and soon that dear, gentle being whose every act showed kindness and consideration for others would be forgotten by all save herself, that to the children she would cease to be anything save a dream, and not even that to her son.

How long she sat there thinking in deepest melancholy she could not tell; suddenly the door was opened by Colley, who, with a brighter look than he had worn for many a day, exclaimed:

"Here is Mr. Standish, Miss Dorothy."

Whereupon her guardian entered, looking more embrowned than usual. He was in evening dress, which became him as his well-made men, and besides his air of high breeding he had that indescribable alertness and decision of movement which is the outward and visible sign of inward strength of character. There was a look of pleasure in his eyes which lent them light and depth of color, and he seemed to Dorothy an embodiment of vital power sent to draw her from the gloomy depths of sorrow in which she was sunk.

"Oh, Paul; dear Paul!" she cried, starting up and stretching out her arms to him. "I thought you would never come."

"I came as soon as I could, my dear child," returned, drawing her to him and quietly kissing her cheek. "Let me look at you. Why, Dorothy, you are but a ghost of yourself! My dear, you look worse now than when I left you. Your very hands are thin, and your poor eyes are worn with weeping. This will never do."

He laid his hands on the braids of her glossy, wavy hair, and pressed back her head while he looked into her eyes with grave, compassionate tenderness.

"Oh, Paul! I cannot help it; I am so wretched," she said, but even as she said it a soft glow seemed to revive her heart, a new warmth caught from his eyes, and some faint color came again to her cheek.

"You must not let your life ebb from you, Dorothy," he continued, pressing her hand in both his own. "We want you, my dear little girl, your guardian most of all. What would life be to me without a wilful ward to take care of!"

"It is a sort of hanting fear as well as sorrow that takes all life and energy from me, Paul. In the day I can bear it, but at night"—she shivered—"I wake constantly, and listen for the sound of that fatal shot. I dread that the children may be hurt, or—or you," and she drew closer to him as they still stood together in the full light of the lamp. "I scarcely know what I fear, but—shall I ever feel safe again, Paul?"

"Yes, Dorothy; you must. Time will soothe these terrors," he said, pressing her hand unconsciously against his heart. (How strongly it beat, she thought.) "You have someone with you at night, have you not? You ought not to be alone."

"Oh, no! I could not be alone. Henrietta is so kind as to sleep in my room; but she sleeps so soundly. It is no use to speak to her; indeed, it would be cruel to rouse her."

Standish did not speak for a moment, then he said, "Now tell me all your news," and led her back to her seat by the fire, drawing his own chair close. He had too much sense to attempt arguing about the folly of her fears; the best remedy for them was to change the current of her thoughts.

"I wrote so much to you, Paul, that I do not think there is anything left to tell. There has been but little news."

"Yes, you were a good girl. I looked for your letters, I assure you. It was most annoying my having been sent on to Vienna, but I had been able to return sooner I could have done nothing for you."

"Yes; you could have talked to me."

"But you refused.

"And you have no further tidings of Callander?

Dorothy shook her head. "We only know he is alive, because Henrietta called at his lawyers' and finds the his checks of quite recent dates have been cashed in different places. He is not in Munich latest—no, no tidings."

"Perhaps he is going to join Mrs. Callander at Nice. He has never addressed a line to me; I have heard nothing at all times from Egerton, who has buried himself in his own place."

Dorothy turned her face slightly from him and leaned back in the fire while he said this. "He seems disposed to stay there, and wants me to run down and see him."

"Shall you go?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"No, certainly not for a considerable time. So Henrietta Oakeley is giving a dinner?"

"Exactly so. She has invited some intimate friends who happen to be passing through town."

"Even that is rather soon."

"Oh, Paul, it seems dreadful to me. But I know Henrietta. She cannot live without company or excitement. It is not that she is unfeeling, but mirth—no emotion lasts long with her. She is, I believe, very true in her friendships, but she could not grieve long. Then she felt so sorry for me and love Mabel did." She stopped suddenly, her lips quivering.

"It is wise and generous to think in this way, Dorothy," remarked Standish. "Now—would you not like to hear what I have been doing?"

"Yes, indeed I should," and he began to describe some of his late interviews, which interested Dorothy and drew her from her ordinary groove of thought.

She was glad too to feel at ease with him once more, as of old, that his rare, gentle brotherly caresses did not move her to draw back and tremble as they used. She was always ashamed of the strange, uneasy feeling which had begun to develop in her heart, her pulses, towards this kind friend, so superior to herself, who treated her as a child, and who would no doubt have been surprised and shocked could he have guessed at the unworthy emotion he had unconsciously roused.

Now the storm of sorrow and terror which had "beat vehemently" upon her had swept all that disturbing fever, and Paul was once more her dear, good friend and guardian, to whom she could tell everything, and under whose tender protection she could feel safe and at rest.

The moments flew while Paul spoke. Then suddenly Henrietta flew in. "They are all gone, Dorothy dear. Colley told me you were here till this moment, Mr. Standish. I am so delighted to see you. When did you arrive?"

(To be Continued.)

Going Home.

His clothes were plain but quite respectable. Trouble rather than weight of years had turned his hair gray. He looked as if ill health had then laid upon him on his back and his family most needed the money of his labor. Just now there was a cloud of anxiety on the worn face as he bent over the baby carriage, which anyone would say that the time was not far off when the cloud would break in grief if that backing little cough of the sleeping child. It was very young, but disease had laid a pitiless hand upon it, and the wasted body was quite small enough for the carriage bought for its benefit. The thin cheeks were pinched and pallid. The hands were like the claws of a bird for thinness, and they were lifting and moving nearly fast.

"I want to go home, papa. When will we go home?"

People looked around startled, and almost in awe at this strange, querulous, strident voice. There was something weird in it. It was the voice of a much elder person. One would have thought that the voice of the child had leaped in power and intelligence away beyond its years, and that the shadow of some great grief or some bereavement had come to pass and darkened everything to come as it had everything that had passed.

"Very soon, dearie; very soon, now."

Where was the mother? And why was she not here? Gone home before, perhaps. But the father was here with the father-love, and nothing of the mother's tender love also if that love means anything that softens this man's hard tones to so much tenderness and guides his hands with such gentle care when he seeks to ease the body of the sick child.

"Now we're going."

The last swung away from the ferry dock. The child's eye brightened, and then fixed in a glaze of wonder on the blue sky and the merry company of ripples on the river. As they neared the other shore the child spoke again but very faintly.

"Are we near home, papa?"

"Very near, dearie; very soon, now."

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"Are we near home, papa?"

"Very near, dearie;

"I am so glad."

Poor blighted, tired little one. You may well be glad—only to go home to you are going to to-day, where you will know no rest from your suffering, but for the other which you left some three or four years ago for the rugged road of life that you were not strong enough to travel on.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Rose palmed and sweet to kiss;
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A lady's hand than this.

Upon my eyelids it would rest,
Or o'er my forehead pass,
Softlier than the summer leaves fell
Upon the waving grass.

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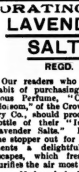

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Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

The hop at the Queen's Hotel last Saturday was—so far as numbers made it so—a decided failure, not more than sixty or seventy being in the room. The delightfully cool evening, combined with the fact that the meetings of the Niagara Conference prevented any dance being held the previous week, led many to conclude that the attendance of the youthful lovers of music and the dance would be unusually large, which would doubtless have been the case had it not been for some misunderstanding regarding invitations. It was rumored that only those presenting cards at the door would be allowed into the ball-room, and as many who had received such invitations in former seasons did not—through some regrettable mistake—receive them this year, a number of the most charming of all those who usually attend were absent. It is seldom, at a hop held at the Queen's in the height of the season, that it is found necessary to substitute round dances through the entire programme, instead of the lancers, because there are too few—at least of those dancing—to form the sets necessary for the latter, but such was the case on Saturday evening, greatly perhaps to the delight and satisfaction of the greater number present, for in spite of the introduction of many new, and in some cases exceedingly graceful dances, the old favorite waltz and polka still hold their own above all. Quite a number of entire strangers were present, but too many of the favorite and familiar faces were absent, and more than one found the evening a burden and a joyless thing in consequence. The gentlemen were undoubtedly in a most unenviable majority, and the heart-rending sight of two or three forlorn young fellows sitting here and there desperately endeavoring to entertain each other to the music of an intoxicatingly beautiful waltz or polka was a sad feature of the evening. Among those who were present I noticed Mrs. McPhie, Mr. Downey of St. Catharines, who is spending the summer at his father's, Dr. Downey, delightful little cottage at the Chautauqua, Miss Collinson and Miss Burch of St. Catharines, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Macrae, Miss Madeleine Geale, Mr. Lansing Burnett, Miss Madel Burnett, Mr. Harry Lansing, Mrs. Elliott and Miss Lois Elliott of Schenectady, Capt. Milloy, Miss Milloy and Mr. Colin Milloy, Miss Hayes of St. Louis, Miss Cameron, Mr. Percy Ball, Mr. Leslie Ball, Mr. Frank Brown of Buffalo, Mr. Fraser Dixon of Toronto. Some of the dresses were noticeably pretty, among them Mrs. Macrae's, which was of black net over black satin, with a very pretty corsage bouquet of pale pink honeysuckle; Mrs. Melfort Boulton's, a very handsome white brocaded silk with flounced front of white lace; Miss Madeleine Geale's, white lace with white surah bodice; Miss Burnett's, one of the prettiest in the room, white silk gauze over a petticoat of white satin; Miss Hayes, a very young *debutante*, and one of the most graceful dancers present, wore a very simply-fashioned and exceedingly becoming gown of pure white; Miss Cameron also looked remarkably well in pink cashmere of a delicate wild rose shade. After the last sweet strain of music had died away, and God Save the Queen announced that Sunday morning was at hand, jolly little parties of chosen friends might be seen seated here and there on the veranda or in the long dining-room enjoying some refreshments and a general and gay discussion of the events of the evening. At one table I noticed a select little party chatting over a very dainty supper which numbered Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Macrae, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Madeleine Geale, Miss Burnett, Mr. Lansing Burnett, Mr. H. Lansing, Mrs. and Miss Elliott.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McNair of Cheraw, North Carolina, have arrived for the summer, and have taken the large white house lately occupied by Mr. Bernard near the Chautauqua grounds.

Rev. Mr. Short of New York, formerly of St. Catharines, preached a most earnest and impressive sermon at St. Mark's church last Sunday evening, on the text "Now we see through a glass darkly; then, face to face." While in town Mr. Short was the guest of Mr. Charles Ball.

Among those registered at the Queen's are Mrs. Melfort Boulton, who will spend some weeks at this place; Mr. J. Geale Dickson, who purposes joining his wife at their charmingly beautiful English home in Surrey very shortly; Mr. Stinson, M.P.P., and Mrs. Stinson of Hamilton, and Mrs. Taft, one of New York's millionaires, who will remain some weeks in town.

Miss Cassie Merritt of St. Catharines, Miss Evans of Cincinnati, and Mrs. Patterson of Memphis spent last Sunday afternoon at the Queen's.

Miss Ethel Radcliffe of Toronto will spend the summer here with her aunt, Miss Creen. There is a rumor afloat that St. Mark's choir has secured Miss Radcliffe's promise to assist them during her stay in town.

Mr. Godfrey Shaw of Toronto is visiting at Delaire Lodge, the summer home of Mr. Morgan Baldwin.

Miss Alice Baldwin left last week for Fort Gratiot, where she will spend a few weeks with her cousin, Miss Melville. It will probably be a month before her Niagara friends welcome her home again, as her visit will include a trip to Grand Rapids and Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunter returned this week from a most delightfully extended fishing tour, which has occupied their time and attention during the past three or four weeks.

Miss Russell left last Friday for Port Arthur, where she will remain until about the end of August. Mrs. Russell and her youngest daughter have taken rooms at the Hotel Chautauqua for the remainder of the season.

Mr. Lansing Burnett of Buffalo, and Miss Burnett of Canandaigua arrived last Saturday and will remain some weeks. While here they will be the guests of Mrs. H. L. Lansing at that very beautiful old residence, Woodlawn. Mr. Harry Lansing also spent Saturday and Sunday at Woodlawn returning to his home in Buffalo Sunday evening.

The Misses Beaven, who have been visiting friends in Toronto, returned home Tuesday evening.

Mrs. J. B. Harvey of Chippawa was in town last Friday.

Among those who spent a few hours in town this week were Mr. Arthur Paffard, Mr. Sidney Small and Mr. Harry Wyatt, all of whom returned to Toronto Tuesday morning.

Among the bicyclists who have recently appeared in town are the sturdy, athletic young sons of Mr. Syers, who has lately purchased and will occupy the Anchorage, the beautiful home of the late Senator Plumb.

The talented young musician, Mr. Wilmot Strathy of Toronto, took the organ at both morning and evening service in St. Mark's last Sunday. His playing is a treat which the congregation hope often to enjoy during his stay in town. The organist, Miss Alice Paffard, is at present in England and during her absence her place will be filled by her sister, occasionally assisted by Mr. Strathy, who frequently crosses from the city for Sunday.

GALATEA.

OTTAWA.

A very pretty wedding took place at Hull since last writing, the participants being Miss Ida Allan, the charming daughter of Mr. W. A. Allan of Aylmer, and Mr. Stephen Waggoner of the Customs Department. The bride was attired in cream colored silk, with lace veil and orange blossoms. Miss Beatty acted as bridesmaid and Mr. Frank Rochester as best man. Rev. Mr. Smith officiated. St. James' church where the ceremony took place was handsomely decorated for the occasion. After leaving the church a reception was given at the residence of the bride's father. The presents were numerous and costly, among them being a silver service presented to the groom by a number of his friends.

The Momus Amusement Club have just completed the largest and most thoroughly equipped house-boat ever turned out at this city. It is elegantly fitted up with bunks and all the other requirements that go to make such an aquatic establishment a place of genuine comfort. The successful launching took place at Britannia where the house will be moored for a short time. Dr. M. G. McEhinney and Messrs. T. A. Beament, Miles Birkett and C. N. Sparks are the members composing the club. The boat is from Frank Dey's well-known workshop.

About fifteen members of the Primrose Canoe Club, including the commodore, secretary and cook, left this week for St. Lawrence Park, in the Thousand Islands, to camp for a couple of weeks. This has become a favorite spot for campers, and many big catches of fish are reported.

A report reaches here from England that Capt. Evans, late adjutant of the 43rd, has passed his examinations in both obligatory and voluntary subjects at the Hythe School of Musketry. Capt. Evans is the only Canadian officer who holds first-class certificates in infantry, artillery and cavalry—Royal Military College and Hythe School of Musketry also.

Mr. Gus Esmonde is constructing a galvanized iron skiff, to be propelled by steam generated from coal oil. When finished it will make a novel addition to the private fleet of the Rideau.

Mr. K. Arnoldi has completed the plans for the proposed Lady Stanley Institute for trained nurses. They will shortly be submitted to the building committee.

Mrs. May, widow of the late George May, arrived here this week from Los Angeles, California, where she has been staying since her husband's death. She is stopping at Mrs. Robertson's, Lisgar street.

Lady Grant and family left this week for Bic, for the season.

Mr. H. Collyer Grounds, the newly-appointed organist of St. Alban's church, arrived in the city this week. Mr. Grounds brings with him from England high testimonials as to his abilities as an organist and choir-master.

BARRIE.

One of the most delightful impromptu dances that has been given for sometime was on Tuesday evening last at Harr Hall, the residence of Mrs. Geo. J. Mason. The large drawing room was set apart for lovers of the mazy dance, which was gaily tripped until hours of early morning. Other rooms had been arranged for those who cared to sit out or preferred a little *tête-a-tête*. The grounds were found to be a favorite resort during the evening for many who seemed to enjoy a little promenade between dances. Those present were: Mr. E. and Miss Kortright, Mr. T. R. Boys, Mr. Geo. Esten, Mrs. L. Beatty, Miss Violet Major of England, Mr. W. Campbell, the Misses May and Ada Michie of Toronto, Mr. F. Hornsby, Mr. Cross of Montreal, Mr. W. A. Boys, Miss Reiner, Mr. W. C. Little of Ottawa, Mr. T. and the Misses Baker, Mrs. Bosworth of California, Mr. A. Giles, Mr. F. Hewson, Mr. W. D. B. Spry, the Misses Henderson, Mr. J. Coffee, Miss Kathleen McCarthy, Mr. H. Giles, Mr. Hugh Kortright, Miss Schreiber, Mr. A. Dyment, Miss Maud Lally, Mr. F. Mason of Toronto, Miss F. Marris of Perth, Miss Henderson of Montreal, Mr. C. Crease, Miss Bertie Stewart, Dr. W. A. Ross, Mr. H. Beard, Mr. Bickle, Miss B. Holmes, Mr. Chapman, Miss I. Forsyth, Mr. Saunders, Miss Milner, Mr. A. Dockray of Toronto.

Mrs. Bridges and family left recently for the Old Country where they intend remaining for some time.

Miss Grace Campbell is visiting friends in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Spry have left for a trip to Toronto, Kingston and Amherstburg.

The Misses May and Ada Michie of Toronto are visiting at Mrs. Geo. J. Mason's.

Quite a number will probably leave town soon to rusticate at favorite points along Lake Simcoe. Tenting seems to have a charm for many during this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Dyment and the Misses Dyment are at Old Orchard Beach for part of the summer.

Mr. Jeffry McCarthy and Mr. A. Creswick left for England this week.

Mr. F. Baker of Toronto spent a few days in town recently.

OCULAIRE.

A Merited Punishment.

"A Chicago poet has written an ode to a mosquito." "Well, the beast deserves it."

Excursion to Chautauqua Lake, N. Y., only $4 00 round trip.

On August 8 is the time for one and all to take advantage of the cheapest excursion of the season. Just imagine, you can travel for the round trip—360 miles—and it only costs four dollars round trip from Toronto to Chautauqua Lake. You can leave Toronto at 3.40 p.m., by the palace steamer Empress of India; the Erie Railway run their cars down to Port Dalhousie to meet the Empress and will also land their passengers right at Chautauqua Lake. As nearly every person has read about Ben Hur it is quite natural that they would like to see it put on the boards, and Mr. Sharp has so arranged his excursion that every person who takes advantage of it can see this great play on August 9 at 2 30 p.m.

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During the remainder of this month we will continue our Tremendous Mark Down Sale. Our summer stock must be disposed of prior to 1st August.

There are piles of goods here yet to be sold. Some of the greatest bargains of this sale will be found in our Dress Goods Department.

160 pieces of All-wool Serge, were 20c., for 12½c. yard.

75 pieces of Self Colored Stripes, were 25c., for 15c. yard.

125 pieces of Afghan Cloths, regular 30c. goods, offered at 20c. yard.

125 pieces of double fold Broche, worth 75c., to be cleared at 50c. yard.

A lot of fine All-wool French Combination Dresses, were sold at $6, will be cleared at $3.25.

Beautiful range of Combinations from $3 to $13, will be sold at $4.50 and $6.50.

The balance of our stock of French Delaines will be cleared at 35c.

In Black and Mourning Dress Goods we will offer 40 pieces Black Cashmere at 20c., good value for 30c.

45 pieces of All-wool Black Henriettas, worth 67½c., will be sold at 50c.

Silk Warp Henriettas clearing at 65c., 75c., $1, were $1, $1.25, $1.50.

Black Crape Cloths, Jersey Cloths, Black Alapacas in Plain and Figured, Black Nun's Veiling, etc. Full range of these goods at tremendous reductions.

Colored Japan Silk selling at 25c., worth 45c.

Colored Broche China Silk for 40c., worth 75c.

Black and Colored Royal Armure Silks for 50c. yard, good value for $1.

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First-class dressmaking. Moderate charges.

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We have received this week another large consignment of Children's, Boys' and Youths' Suits. Being fortunate in getting them very low by taking the entire lot (some 650 in all), we intend disposing of them as quickly as possible to get our money for them.

We offer the entire range in fine Tweeds, Worsteds and Serges at a reduction of from 25 to 35 per cent. off regular prices.

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Magic Scale
The Tailor System of Cutting Improved and Simplified
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Waist Linings and Dresses Cut. DRESSES MADE TO ORDER. Satisfaction guaranted.
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A Sermonette on Guests - - - By Louise Markscheffel
The Funny Man's Garden - - - By P. McArthur
Why Smith Never Married - - - By D. A. McKellar
On a Summer Shore - - - By William Wilfred Campbell
Indian Summer - - - - By Charles G. D. Roberts
Prairie Sonnets - - - - By Nicholas Flood Davin
Cathedral Peak - - - - By E. W. Sandys
The Idlers - - - - - By E. Pauline Johnson
Last Winter; This Summer - - - By Wm. McLennan
A Legend of the Mackinac - - - By Grace E. Denison
Crows - - - - - - By Sophia M. Almon
Berrypicking Time - - - - By Samuel Hunter

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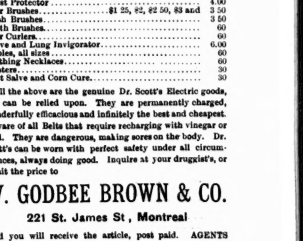

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Out of Town.

BELLEVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Burns of Toronto are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Wilson.

Mr. Herbert Hulme, Mr. J. Tannahill and Mr. W. Wallbridge are home from Toronto for the long holidays.

Mr. J. W. Jamieson of Chicago is home on a visit to his parents.

Mr. Warrington has purchased the fine residence of Mr. J. W. Campion on Bridge street, and has taken up a permanent home here. Mrs. Warrington has displayed exquisite taste in the furnishings and fittings, and has decorated her home with bric-a-brac from many lands. Mrs. Warrington receives her friends on Thursday afternoon of each week.

Mrs. J. C. Jamieson, Mr. J. W. Jamieson, Mrs. George Hope and the Misses Stinson are at the Sand Banks.

A very pleasant entertainment was given in the City Hall on Thursday, July 17, by invitation of Mr. Homer Tourgee. A very fine programme was presented by some of Mr. Tourgee's friends and his advanced violin pupils. Those assisting were Mrs. Clara Nelson of the New England Conservatory of Boston, Miss Matie Diamond, Miss Mabel Willson and Mr. Carmichael of this city. Mrs. Nelson possesses a sweet soprano voice, and her bewitching manner has won her many friends in Belleville. She was rapturously encored, and was presented with two handsome bouquets.

Mrs. Flint of Montreal is visiting her parents, Major and Mrs. Caswell, Bridge street.

Our esteemed and talented young townsman, Rev. Gilbert Parker, representing the *St. James Gazette* and other English papers, and also a member of the famous Savage Club of London, England, gave a delightful lecture in the opera house on Monday evening before a fashionable and appreciative audience, subject Under all Flags. The lecture was replete with entertaining and pathetic anecdotes and was indeed a rich literary treat. "A" company, 15th Battalion, gave the bayonet exercise (attack and defence). The Oddfellows' Band was present and gave the following selections in fine style: Gilmore's Triumphal March by T. P. Brooke, overture, Fantastique, by Dalbey; waltzes, The Silver Rhine, by Meissler. The whole evening was a decided success. The funds go for the benefit of the 15th Battalion.

He'd Go to the Circus.

An old fellow that very much resembled the type of countryman found in the comic pictures of the irreverent illustrated weeklies, stumbled about on the stairway leading to a dentist's office and finally discovered the door, knocked upon it until the dentist invited him, in a tone by no means gentle, to enter without doing to the trouble of knocking down the house.

"Wall, you air about the hardest man to git at I ever did see," the visitor remarked as he entered the room. "Been a-stalkin' round here for a good bit."

"You have found me, and now what can I do for you?"

"You pull teeth, I reckon."

"Yes, that is part of my business."

"All right. I have been bothered a good deal lately with a fetched-taked snag of a thing, an' I thought if we could come to some sort of an understandin', I most have it snatched out. I never go to expense if I can help it—economy is my motto in all things. I'm an ole liner myself—vote for the tariff an' save all I can. What air you holdin' teeth at now?"

"I don't understand you."

"What air you holdin' teeth at—what is it worth to pull 'em?"

"Fifty cents apiece."

"That is for a whole tooth, I reckon. This here one"—and he opened his mouth with an awful grin—"ain't more than half a one, you see. I reckon you will lift her out for about half price."

"No, full price. I'd rather pull a whole one than a snag."

"Look here, out on my place I've got a blacksmith shop an' tinker a good deal, fust and last, an' I sharpen a plow for twenty-five cents, an' it sometimes takes me more than an hour. You can sartinly afford to do something for a quarter that won't take you two minutes."

"Oh, yes, could afford it, but I won't. I won't underbid my neighbors, you know."

"Wall, then, I reckon we'll have to call this trade off. Good day."

He blundered down stairs and half an hour later, while the dentist was rubbing up his instruments of torture, there came another thump at the door. The "old liner" had returned. "Look here," said he, "I thought I'd talk to you a little furder about this tooth. I went around to the lot whar I had my hoss tied, thinkin' I'd go on home an' worry the thing out, but it got to hurtin' me so that I couldn't stand it. Now, tell me, what is the very best you will do?"

"Fifty cents."

"Fifty cents is a good deal of money to a man that sweats between the corn rows. Never plowed none, I reckon?"

"No."

"Wall, if you had you'd know that fifty cents is a good deal. Suppose we say thirty cents."

"You may say it if you want to, but I won't."

"Humph! you are a hanger on if ever I did see one. How would forty strike you!"

"Won't strike me at all."

"Must have fifty, I reckon?"

"That's what I said."

"This tooth is about to kill me, man."

"All right; give me fifty cents and I will snatch it out."

He studied a few moments and then shaking his head, replied: "No, blame if I do. I can go to the circus for fifty cents—can't stay to the concert, but I can see the monkeys, an' hear the clown sing, an' see the fellers jump, an' see the beautiful gal ride the hoss, an' will have something to talk about till fodder-pullin' time. Wall, good-day. Reckon I'll go to the show."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Across the Water.

An American finds it difficult to accustom himself to English as it is spoken in London. What we call crackers here are called biscuit, and I suspect that this is strictly correct. What we call shoes are here known as boots, and what we call boots are here known as bluchers. There is one shoe called the highlow, because it runs high from the heel up back of the ankle, and is cut low in front. Our druggist is here a chemist, many of the older practitioners retaining the old spelling—"chymist." What we call ale is here known as bitter beer. What is here known as a hash we should call a stew, and what we call hash is here known as a mince. In England our overcoat becomes a greatcoat, our undershirt becomes a vest, and our drawers become pantaloons. It is said that when George W. Childs of Philadelphia, was in London a number of years ago, he walked into a haberdashery and, seeking to appear to be a native, asked to be shown the styles in silk waistcoats. "Jeems," cried the proprietor to his assistant, "step this way and show this Hamerican gentleman our flowery weskits!" Here they call a street car a tram; here, too, an elevator is a lift, and that is right. What we call a telegram is here called a telegraph; it will probably never be determined which of these usages is the better.—*Waverley Magazine.*

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

SCOTT—At Toronto, on July 20, Mrs. W. Scott—a son.

STEMAN—At Penetanguishene, on July 18, Mrs. R. H. Stedman—a son.

BURNS—At Toronto, on July 20, Mrs. Thomas Burns—a son.

GRAHAME—At Toronto, on July 21, Mrs. Laurence Hill Grahame—a daughter.

HERBERT—At Toronto, on July 19, Mrs. F. H. Herbert—a son.

SMITH—At Port Perry, on July 18, Mrs. W. A. Smith—a daughter.

CLARKE—At Frogmore, West Point Island, on July 22, Mrs. Herbert L. Clarke—a daughter.

HYNES—At Toronto, on July 16, Mrs. M. J. Hynes—a daughter.

MAIRS—At Markham, on July 19, Mrs. Alexander Mairs—a daughter.

BALL—At Woodstock, on July 13, Mrs. R. N. Ball—a daughter.

JARVIS—At Hamilton, on July 18, Mrs. Æmilius Jarvis—a daughter.

LAMOUIR—At Toronto, on July 17, Mrs. Archibald D. Langmuir—a son.

MASON—At Toronto, on July 17, Mrs. James Mason—a daughter.

MALDER—At Newmarket, on July 23, Mrs. Julius Malder—a son.

LEFROY—At Toronto, on July 22, Mrs. A. H. F. Lefroy—a son.

Marriages.

DANIEL—WILSON—At Toronto, on July 16, Arthur A. Daniel to Clara Wilson.

FREEMAN—CARGILL—At Cargill, on July 16, W. F. Freeman, M.D., of Walkerville, to Carlotta Jane Cargill.

MACDONALD—LAIDLAW—At Toronto, on July 21, Alexander Alcorn Macdonald to Annie Charity Ballantyne Laidlaw.

BELL—HENRY—At Queensville, on July 16, Daniel Hull, M.A., of Toronto, to Mary Emma Henry.

BENNETTS—WINSTANLEY—At Hamilton, on July 22, Arthur Bennetts of Sault Ste. Marie to Blanche Adelaide Madeline Winstanley of Guelph.

CLEGG-HILL—HWIN—At London, on July 21, Rowland Richard Clegg-Hill of Hawkstone, England, to Annie Edith Irwin.

DOUGLAS—MITCHELL—At St. Catharines, on July 15, George H. Douglas of Stratford to Helena Mitchell.

NEELON—HARRIS—At St. Catharines, on July 15, Edward H. Neelon to Minnie May Harris.

CAMPBELL—ROSEMOND—At Toronto, on July 22, James M. Campbell to Maggie A. Rosemond.

PYKE—SALTER—At Brantford, on July 22, John G. Pyke of Hudson, Que., to Emma C. Salter.

BAINES—TROUGHTON—At Exeter, England, on July 22, Allan Baines of Toronto, to Ella Troughton of Topsham, Devonshire.

Deaths.

ENRIGHT—At Toronto, on July 21, by drowning in the Don, Michael Enright, aged 35 years.

FOLEY—At Parry Sound, on July 22, Mrs. Katharine Foley, aged 71 years.

TEEVIN—At Toronto, on July 22, James Teevin, aged 84 years.

CURRAN—At Toronto, on July 22, John Joseph Curran, aged 23 years.

WOOD—At Albion, on July 16, Mrs. A. W. Wood, aged 83 years.

WILLIAMS—At St. Thomas, on July 18, George W. Williams, aged 28 years.

ELLISON—At Brampton, on July 18, John Ellison, aged 39 years.

MACKECHNIE—At Brighton, Ont., on July 14, Captain Charles Grant Mackechnie, aged 69 years.

MALLORD—At Toronto, on July 17, James Mallord, aged 56 years.

SMITH—At Picton, on July 13, Margaret Leetle Smith, aged 7 months.

LANGEVIN—At Rimouski, on July 23, Noe Antoine Auguste Langevin, aged 50 years.

DAVIDSON—At Wattle, Scotland, on July 3, Mrs. Margaret Watson Davidson.

CRAWFORD—At Hamilton, on July 19, William Crawford, aged 31 years.

NEWBIGGING—At International Bridge, on July 12, Mrs. Thomas Newbigging.

BRADLEY—At Parkdale, on July 19, Nathan Bradley, aged 74 years.

RUSSELL—At Scarboro', on July 14, James Russell, aged 80 years.

MCAULEY — At Toronto, on July 18, Mrs. James McCauley, aged 56 years.

ROWE—At Toronto, on July 18, William Rowe, aged 32 years.

KINNEAR—At Toronto, Frank Pearcy Kinnear, aged 6 years.

MARTIN—At Balmy Beach, on July 16, Mrs. L. K. Martin, aged 59 years.

CLARKE—At Toronto, on July 22, Lizzie Eveline Clarke, aged 5 years.

FREAD—At Toronto, on July 23, Mrs. William Spread, aged 72 years.

MOFFATT—At Toronto, on July 22, Lewis David Covert Moffatt, aged 5 years.

JENKINS—At Peterboro', on July 20, Mary Bracley, aged 71 years, relict of the late George Jenkins.

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